

PUNCH

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WHAT with Mr. Macmillan losing all sense of direction by saying that after Summit talks "there would be a possibility of moving on," and Labour putting the cart before the horse by demanding, according to a *News Chronicle* headline, "Summit before Bases," it begins to look as if everyone is feeling the effect of the altitude already.

A SPOKESMAN for Mr. Tommy Steele describes an offer of £2,000 a week for his services as "an absolutely first-class insult." And not only to Mr. Tommy Steele.

Theological Thought Twister

"Let us now pray for Good Luck"
A Radio Luxembourg Religious Programme

IMMIGRANT invasion of Britain's native skills was again underlined at Stockwell the other day, when a mail



van was robbed of £5,000 by three masked men, "one of them coloured."

ONE SURPRISING thing about the march through London by eight thousand Turkish Cypriots with banners agitating for the partition of Cyprus was the absence of any British counter-marchers with banners saying "Turkish Cypriots Go Home."

THOSE complaining of American importations into our television pro-

grammes were relieved to read of a new riot on the U.S. networks which is never likely to be tried on this side.

It is a contest in which challengers receive a dollar for every minute they can keep from laughing at a well-known TV comedian.

NEWS that Eastbourne people are losing sleep through foxes "barking



and yelping" is at least an indication where the next anti-blood-sports demonstration won't be held.

THE Prime Minister's warmth, gusto and fluency impressed both B.B.C. and I.T.A. viewers, the latter particularly enjoying the advertiser's announcement which followed at once and seemed to crown the whole: "Taste the goodness of home-made onion soup . . ."

SCIENTISTS investigating the effects of radioactivity have revealed that breakfast cereals head the list of radioactive foods. Manufacturers feel their only course is to attack with provocatively realistic geiger-counter cut-outs on every packet.

On Her Knees

EVERY woman who to Fate owes Knees as nobbly as potatoes Now begins to wish them back In the bottom of the sack.



"To-day it is everything which is at stake—the kindness of our nature, the possibilities of health and life for future generations. Not



Norman Mansbridge

...natural environment, the human experience, the genetic composition of the race,
...generation. Not only is this danger terrible, but it is immediate."

George F. Kennan (Russia, the Atom and the West)



Punch Diary

FOR some time now we have been looking for a rich philanthropist with a sense of mission and a sense of humour. We want him to buy an island—the seas are still surprisingly rich in uninhabited, uncommitted islands—and people it with men and women dedicated to the task of making the world laugh itself free from the shackles of conventional thought.

This island would be called Laughter Island Ltd., Inc. Its governors, to start with, would be professional humorists, some of them no doubt lured from the staffs of *Simplicissimus*, *The New Yorker*, *Krokodil*, *Punch* and the rest; its only export would be a stream of propaganda aimed at the world's politicians, leaders, writers, scientists, economists and religious dignitaries. Life on Laughter Island would be hard but laughable. There would be Ministries of Baseless Rumour, Hilarious Leaflets, Pirate Broadcasting (its function would be to ruin dangerous talks with diabolically clever and disrespectful interpolations), Comic Postcards, Practical Jokes and Side-splitting Novelties.

We should launch imaginary Sputniks in profusion, get into fictitious contact with Outer Space and the creatures of other planets, publish fake communiqués between East and West, and generally make a diverting nuisance of ourselves. Every day we should lead the world in two minutes of amplified laughter, and from time to time we should kidnap blockheaded politicians and tickle them into submission and common sense . . .

Unfortunately, Laughter Island remains a dream. There is no rich

philanthropist with a sense of humour, and there is no government anywhere that would condone ridicule of the scale envisaged. The world being what it is, any attempt to establish Laughter Island would be blown out of the sea by long-range, anti-risibility missiles fitted with nuclear warheads.

What then can be done?

Next week readers of *Punch* are in for a mild surprise: we propose to launch a series of articles, under the general heading "East is West and West is East," about the cold war and the menace of nuclear weapons; and because the world seems to regard the tightrope teeter to sanity as too precarious for mirth and derision our series will be serious, responsible and sometimes long-faced. One way or another we are determined to have our say.

For ten years the peoples of East and West, North and South, have tried to comfort themselves by scrawling "Don't worry—it may never happen!" on both sides of the cold iron curtain. But in their hearts they know very well that it *can* happen. Fingers are already on triggers, thumbs on buttons. In spite of U.N. and its labours all the old enemies of peace are still at large. Nationalism, archaic and suicidal, is stronger even than in the nineteenth century. Poverty, economic injustice and disillusionment are still the breeding ground of fatalism, envy and violence.

The optimistic pledges of San Francisco (St. Francis and the birds made *Punch's* comment at the time) have become scraps of paper, and world unity has resolved itself into a frightful, rocking balance of power blocs great and small. If law-law is out—as it seems to be at the moment—then jaw-jaw is certainly preferable to war-war. But jaw-jaw, at the summit or not, cannot save us for long if it is regarded merely as a device for buying time and the further scientific build-up of nuclear weapons.

The jaw-jaw beginning next week will offer no cut-and-dried solutions. In this business nobody knows all the answers, and even the most optimistic among us can see nothing brighter ahead than fifty years or so of uneasy containment. Can peace between East and West be preserved under conditions of mounting tension, rivalry and suspicion? Is the deterrent of mutual nuclear annihilation truly infallible? And if so is disarmament either possible or practicable? What is the West's and Democracy's answer to Communist propaganda in uncommitted countries? Can the world control arrogant, volcanic nationalism without an effective international police force? The problem of Germany? Russia's satellites? Africa? China . . . ? The views expressed will be independent and not necessarily those of *Punch*.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

EAST IS WEST

Next Wednesday

J. B. PRIESTLEY

contributes the first of a series of articles on the cold war and the menace of nuclear weapons. "This Nuclear Madness" begins:

Appearing for those who want to go on enjoying their wives or husbands, playing with their children, tasting the air and relishing the fruits of the earth, who have no wish to exist in outer space or deep underground listening to the robots firing the giant rockets, I pose this question:

When do we conduct this nuclear madness to its padded cell?

Other writers in this series will be:

Dr. J. BRONOWSKI
ALAN BULLOCK
LORD CHANDOS
ALISTAIR COOKE

H. F. ELLIS
Fr. TREVOR HUDDLESTON
ERIC LINKLATER
REBECCA WEST

D. ZASLAVSKI (of *Krokodil*).

To accommodate this series each issue of *Punch* will contain four extra pages.

Faience and Fireworks

R. G. G. PRICE looks at Exhibitions

THE exhibition instinct is re-awakening with the year and *aficionados* are sniffing the airs that begin to blow from Brussels. What a curious mixture of high seriousness and madly gulped fun exhibitions are. You may be talking of ironware and colonial fruit and improved hospital beds one minute, but you will be talking of pageants and coloured fountains and switchbacks the next.

It is difficult to say when exhibitions began. The catalogue of British Industrial Machinery at Philadelphia in 1876 has a very comprehensive introduction by Hugh Willoughby Sweny, whose jumping-off point is Ahasuerus (who reigned in the sixth century B.C. from India to Ethiopia). He points out that the long gap between classical times and the post-Renaissance revival was due to the difficulty of guarding exhibits; mediaeval exhibitions would have shrunk much too fast. Despite an exhibition at Leyden in 1699, which included "a murdering knife" found in England and inscribed "Kil the males, rost the females, and burn the whelps," things really got going with the French in 1798.

In England the Society of Arts deserves the chief credit, especially for linking science and art, or trying to. This was the keynote of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the first really resounding success, and of its legacy, the South Kensington Departments and Museums, though William Morris, taken at the age of seventeen, refused to walk round and called it all "wonderfully ugly"; perhaps the union was not consummated until the Festival of Britain. So much has been written about 1851 that it can be dismissed crisply. To us one of the oddest things about it is that it was begun at the end of September and the opening took place on the first of the following May. When the building *Punch* named the "Crystal Palace" was moved to Sydenham it continued to celebrate science and arts. Events in its variegated programme included a dinner given to Professor Owen and others in the interior of the model of the iguanodon and a "largely attended" Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee.

The success of the Prince Consort's

contribution to peaceful emulation between nations led to an uprush of exhibitions. Whole cities were given over to national shop-windows or international competitions in the peaceful fields of manufacture and design that left behind them such permanent gains as the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Trocadéro and the Festival Hall. They also left behind them Blue Books or their foreign equivalents: the normal method of organizing a national exhibit was to appoint a Royal Commission, and this continued to report for years after the last turnstile had clicked and the last pleasure-dome been flattened. If the aim were peace, the result was often an exacerbation of commercial rivalries. At first the juries whose medals are still represented on long-standing products consisted largely of noblemen, paid fifty guineas a time, who disdained to understand the products they were assessing. The composition of these juries depended on the floor-space occupied by the various nations. At Philadelphia a better system was adopted. Judges were experts and, generally, the consumer judged the product.

Sometimes an exhibition was tied to an anniversary, for example the Columbian Exhibition of the U.S.A. held at Chicago in 1893. Sometimes it was designed to help stabilize a newish régime, as with the Paris Exhibition of 1855, which attracted the first visit from a British Sovereign since 1422. Some had a theme, like the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and some seem to have been simply for the hell of it: the Cheese Conference of 1865 comes to mind. I do not propose to list year by year the proliferating progeny of the exhibiting impulse. It is enough to

say that there have always been more exhibitions than one would have believed possible.

Of greater interest is the kind of thing exhibited. On the whole there is less art than there used to be. It has got out of the Loan Collection and into the lay-out, though we are apt to forget that the Crystal Palace was one of the first modern buildings. (It had to wait for two generations to be recognized.) When pictures were shown they gave catalogue compilers their chance. In the 1878 Paris Exhibition Britain showed a picture by Fred Walker with this catalogue entry: "'LET US DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF THE ABSENT,' said Petit père solemnly; but Catharine gave a sudden exclamation and put down her glass untouched; 'Look, ah, look,' she



cried, pointing through the window. 'Who was that standing there in a straw hat?' The catalogue of the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904, the one Judy Garland was so excited by in *Meet Me in St. Louis*, describes not only the subjects but the virtues of the paintings, e.g. Whistler: Miss Rose Corder. "The artist has painted this black-garbed figure upon a black background—a difficult feat." F. E. Laszlo: Portrait of Prince Hohenloe. "The face is painted simply but adequately." Julius Dupré: Cows refreshing themselves in a pool. "Were the artist's reputation based on this work alone it would be even higher than it is." Thomas Eakins: The Clinic of Dr. Agnew. "This work differs from an earlier work of Mr. Eakins representing the Clinic of Dr. Gross. In the latter there is a lack of antiseptic preparations and there is an atmosphere of horror. In this work the surgeons wear sterilized clothing and every care is observed."

On the whole pure science is little represented in exhibitions. Most of the space goes to raw materials or to large, solid manufactures. But it is not, perhaps, the more central exhibits that attract us most to-day. Here is the result of some casual gleaning.

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF EXHIBITS

Antisedentary school table.
Unalterable thermometer.
Tenacious lawn tennis shoe.
The Dalton Unlocker.
Bicycle skates.
White clay, used in medicine and to "chalk" divorced wives.
The Qui-Hi Sauce.
New and original out-door lawn game of Denmark. For ladies and gentlemen. 4-16 players. No marking or mowing and inequality of lawn

immaterial. Played with cane ring and has three different sets of rules. Also available indoors.

The largest cairngorm ever discovered.

An executioner's tasselled hat.

Cannibal forks.

Revolving safe. If stopped in any way by burglars an alarm bell rings.

Pink indiarubber ear-case.

Statue of Prince of Wales in butter.

By Colin Pullinger, village mechanic—Self-acting sifter, Perpetual mouse-trap, Dead-fall mouse-trap, Improved eel-spear, Improved bradawl to drive in and jump out again, Anti-acoustic protector, Automatic mouse-trap.

Visitors must be not only instructed but comforted and amused. The catch-phrase "How's your poor feet?" was exhibition-born; by the time of the Festival of Britain the importance of chairs had been recognized. It was nothing to exhibition organizers to build special railway stations, quays and escalators and to provide car-parks or the equivalent. When the Crystal Palace was moved to Sydenham accommodation for three hundred horses was provided at the Paxton stables.

Visitors must be fed. Parisian cooking slowly conquered English visitors and followed them back from Seine-side restaurants to suety London. Exotic restaurateurs competed, sometimes too imaginatively: the Chinese restaurant at Paris in 1867 served only mutton chops. At the Empire Exhibition at Wembley the official guide-book says "Customers in search of an 'All star' meal, in which every course is a rare dish, can be catered for with due notice. The prices can be fixed in advance."

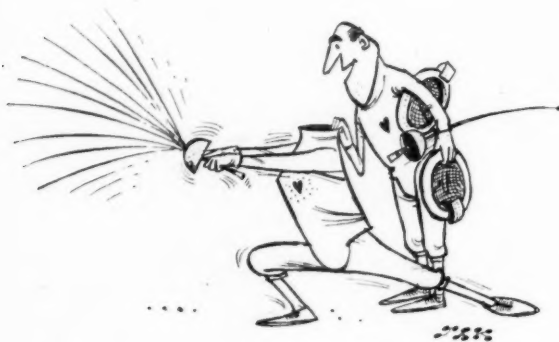
Visitors must be entertained. Just the sight of the exhibition itself is entertainment enough for many people, who look at the rich diversity of races, the shapes of pavilions, the groves—exhibition design at times seems to have got stuck at the grove—the statues and the lights. When at the end of *Meet Me in St. Louis* Judy Garland, the heroine of this article as, I suppose, the Prince Consort must be the hero, looked out over the grounds in wonder and ecstasy, she did not sigh to think of



the rare metals and curious implements spread out beneath her. She sighed in breathless admiration that the exhibition should be right there in her own home town, and this total embrace is the real *aficionado's* ignorant response.

But exhibitions did more than entertain by just being themselves. Paris frothed up into delicious naughtiness and, if the more corrupt type of Parisian preferred to pop across to London for his week-ends, Britons were all too often distracted from the showcases by the delights obtainable outside. Delights actually owned to in the official publications are generally the usual fun-fair, amusement-arcade stuff. At Wembley the guide draws particular attention to "The Frolic, a Scottish invention." There were oddments intended to beguile but also to boost craftsmanship, the Queen's Dolls-house, for example. There were diversions as enduring as the Eiffel Tower or as splendidly ephemeral as fireworks. Yet, whatever the giddy-headed public may have thought, the purpose of these innumerable, long-planned, expensively-mounted occasions was serious, serious when opened by Queen or President, serious when visited by highly coloured potentates, serious when interrupted by days of national pageantry, serious when formal openings were the cause of odes and unveilings and massed choirs, serious, unintentionally serious, when the crowds attracted pick-pockets and the potentates assassins. The prevailing seriousness of exhibition literature is caught by the sentence, "We shall mention in the first place a fine display of carbolic acid."

And now for Brussels!



"You can come out now, Mrs. Philpots, it's all over."

Fangism

By B. A. YOUNG

IT is hardly likely that the followers of Señor Fidel Castro, the well-known Cuban guerrilla, progressed far towards their aim by kidnapping racing-driver Juan Fangio and letting him go again without so much as an ear sliced off. What they *did* do was to invent a new political principle.

This is so simple, it is a wonder it has not been used before. Kidnap a leader of the opposing political party, and the masses, by and large, will not give a damn. But kidnap some eminent figure in the world of sport . . .

Suppose, by way of a ludicrous example, you have the railwaymen demanding higher pay. Sir Brian Robertson says they can't have any—I said this was a ludicrous example—and the usual deadlock occurs and the claim goes to arbitration. Then bingo!

It is the eve of the first Test. The wicket is perfect, the weather forecast favourable, every conceivable citizen has given the appropriate interview to the press, when suddenly in the last editions of the evening papers the incredible news is flashed out: Peter May has been "snatched"!

Who has done this ghastly thing? Surely you can guess? The strong-arm men of the Association of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, of course, and in more time than it takes to tell they have rung up all the newspapers, disguising their voices, to confess their complicity and explain how the *status quo* can be restored. All that is needed is for British Railways to agree to their demands. As soon as they have been reassured on this point, Mr. May will be delivered, whole and undamaged, at Trent Bridge.

The public reaction can easily be imagined. Indignation will run riot. Great crowds will assemble outside Transport House, outside No. 10 Downing Street, outside Trent Bridge ground. Press photographers will waylay Mr. May's family, friends and employers whenever they venture to put a head out into the open. Traffic will be brought to a complete standstill. So will business.

There is only one course open to the Government. In the face of certain defeat by a weak New Zealand touring side, they must accept the railwaymen's

terms. Bankruptcy before dishonour must, as ever, be our watchword.

That is only the first round. Comes next winter, and the busmen—say—are at it again. Sir Wilfrid Needen is about to swing into action when Johnny Haynes is abducted from his taxi on the way from Fulham to the brilliantine studios.

There is chaos. A Cabinet meeting is called. "Are we to give way to this disgraceful threat to the freedom of negotiation which we in this country have bought with years of bitter conflict?"

Of course not. Next morning, as Danny Blanchflower is about to enter a newspaper office he is whisked off by a small task-force of the 21st S.A.S., acting under the orders of the Home Secretary, and taken to a remote hiding-place.

The telephone-wires hum with messages in disguised voices. And Sir Wilfrid instructs his secretary to tell Lady Needen that he will be home for dinner at the normal time.

The day to look out for is that on which we shall wake up to hear that Vladimir Kuts is unaccountably missing

from his usual training in the Park of Rest and Culture. Where is he? A highly-placed Secret Service officer telephones the Russian Embassy, disguising his voice, making it sound like Sir Winston Churchill's perhaps, or T. E. Lawrence's. Disband your army, he says, destroy your intercontinental missiles, and you shall have Kuts back in time for the next Olympic Games.

Russia is powerless. She cannot fire a rocket at us in case it hits Kuts. She cannot appeal to the United Nations because they all have teams entered for the Olympics. In a trice the great armaments deadlock is broken.

Otto Skorzeny, the intrepid S.S. major who collected the captive Mussolini from his eyrie on the Gran Sasso in 1944 and became a major-general eighteen months later, has proposed that all armies ought to include formations specially trained for dropping into other countries' territory and kidnapping their 'Top People'. General Skorzeny, sound as he is in his general idea, has been led astray by his Teutonic seriousness. It is not presidents and prime ministers and marshals that his task force ought to be kidnapping; it is sportsmen.



Everything about the I.R.B.M.

By H. F. ELLIS

A: Why is this thing called the I.R.B.M.?

B: To distinguish it from the I.C.B.M. You see, as an intermediate range, rather than an inter-continental ballistic missile.

A: Yes, yes. But why ballistic? What is all this fuss about "ballistic"?

B: The Greek word *βάλλω*, meaning "I throw"—

A: Exactly. And "missile" means "capable of being thrown," from the Latin *mitto*. So that a ballistic missile is a throwable thing that is capable of being thrown. However, let that go. As an old anti-aircraft artilleryman, well skilled in the art of throwing throwable

things that are capable of being thrown, I am naturally interested in the precise procedure to be adopted. For instance, on the command "Load——"

B: The drill for coming into action has not yet been finalized, and will in any case not be communicated to the press.

A: My dear chap, of course. Still, one can't help wondering. Would it be safe to say that on the command "Fire" the No. 1 of the detachment will double smartly to the American enclosure and request the immediate issue of Warheads, nuclear, one—Compliments of Captain Fosdyke and sorry to trouble you, but he has orders to deter the

Russians p.d.q., and has nothing but a lot of old practice heads filled with live yeast to do it with?

B: It has already been announced that the decision to fire will be taken jointly by the two Governments at a very high level.

A: All right then. Revise as follows. On the command "Fire," which will be given by the President and the Prime Minister (or their deputies) in unison, the executive order will be passed smartly through the usual channels to the U.S. officer i/c warheads and the British Gun Position officer. It will be the duty of the G.P.O. Ack——

B: The term "Gun" is highly misleading and will not be used. We are concerned with intermediate range ballistic missiles.

A: So we are. The British I.R.B.M.P.O., then, will order the I.R.B.M.P.O. Ack to double smartly——

B: Even now you are using abbreviations with an Army flavour. The I.R.B.M. sites will be manned by Bomber Command, who will of course continue to use the ranks and terminology authorized for the R.A.F.

A: You cannot be serious. Bomber Command are a magnificent body of men, but anybody can tell you they know nothing whatever about the problem of sending missiles up into the air. All their experience has been the other way round. Gravity has always been on their side. Tell them that $H=16t^2$, where H is the height above ground and t the time of flight of the bomb and they know when to let go. But when it comes to overcoming gravity, when allowance has to be made for abnormal barometric pressure and the height of section above M.S.L., when it is a matter of deflection for drift in azimuth—— Why, let me tell you, sir, as an anti-aircraft artilleryman who was setting Equivalent Constant Wind into the predictor as long ago as 1939, that these G.P.O. Erks——

B: It is useless to argue the matter. The decision has been taken.

A: At a high level?

B: Yes.

A: Jointly?

B: Yes.

A: I see. Then I will say no more. Though, if the intention was to deter,



"Psst—John Foster Dulles."





one would have thought that the Royal Artillery— But my lips are sealed. One may be confident that Bomber Command will rise to the occasion at least as ballistically as their missiles. Allow me to raise a rather different kettle of fish. Morale. Will it not be rather boring for these men to stand year in year out, as one hopes, beside whopping great rockets that can only be let off in the event of TEOCAWKI?

B: What was that word again?

A: I beg your pardon—the end of civilization as we know it. One keeps slipping into these Army abbreviations.

B: Operational training, including firing-tests, will be carried out in America, and also perhaps at Woomera. In addition, the ballistic missile crews—

A: Detachments.

B: —crews will have frequent practice while at their home bases in filling the missiles with liquid oxygen at 183 degrees C. below zero, and emptying them out again.

A: Oh, yes? One hears, by the way, that the inter-continental Atlas costs £750,000 a time, without its nuclear warhead, so even a trumpery 1,500-mile affair like Thor must come out at a hundred thousand or two. Bearing in mind the limited amount of firing we used to get at practice camps in the old 3-inch Q.F. 20-cwt. days at £15 a poop, do you suppose these Bomber Command trainees will get a second shot if the first one gets blown off course or anything?

B: No doubt America will pay.

A: Oh, goody. Then here is my final question. What happens to all these I.R.B.M.s in the event of the return to

power of a Liberal Government pledged to unilateral renunciation of nuclear warfare? Will they be scrapped? Or will Mr. Grimond give the order, at his very highest level, to screw on conventional warheads, and tell the Americans to make their decisions jointly with Russia in future?

B: The question does not arise. By the time a Liberal Government is in office it is hoped that the all-British

ballistic missile, fired from underground—

A: And manned by submariners?

B: This is no laughing matter.

A: I know. I'm sorry. One tries to be serious and give up hope. But somehow the idea that the end of the world is going to be achieved by touching off a rocket at Skegness or Mablethorpe—

B: Not another word. You have already compromised the whole joint plan.

Re-gathered Rosebuds

WHENAS in jeans my Julia crams
Her vasty hips and mammoth hams,
And zips-up all her diaphragms,

Then, then, methinks, how quaintly shows
(Vermilion-painted as the rose)
The lacquefaction of her toes.

☆

Here a little child I brood,
Heaving up my Breakfast Food,
Crispy-crunchy though they be,
FIGGINUTS are not for me.
Would a venison might drop
On my plastic table-top!

☆

A sweet Disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a costliness;
Yet would I give what gold is mine
To see thee in the latest Line:
A fitfully inflated sack,
Feigning a bosom at the back
And bundling all thy body white
As though the flesh were anthracite;
While on thy head, in apricot—
A bee-hive or a flower-pot.

The Fad is in, and we are but delaying.
Come, my Corinna, come! Let's go a-paying.

PAUL DEHN



"Better switch off the sound, in case he hits his thumb."

Rail Chaos and Splash, Please By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHAT many people have always wondered is what goes on in a first-class Pullman coach that leaves London Bridge at five-forty-five and three and a half hours later is still frozen to the track between East Croydon and a meaningless, distant whistling. This I can now reveal.

At first all is laughter and bonhomie. The scowls and curses which accompanied the battle for these eight luxurious, liberally-spaced *fauteuils* are gone in a flash, as the victors, who a moment before were trampling old ladies and frankly carving a passage with their umbrellas—it is noticeable that they are all men—surrender to the warm upholstery with amiable grunts and are the soul of politeness to the not-yet-harassed steward. "When you have a moment, old fellow . . . four large Scotches here, eh? Ha-ha-ha!" This

is the Stock Exchange party, at first a couple, but now joined by Peter and Gordon, also of the great unhammered . . . "Too bad, boys, you'll have to lie on the floor, eh? Ha-ha-ha!" But Peter perches elegantly on the arm of one chair, and Gordon, whose bowler is so stylish as to be virtually brimless and spirit-levelled on a cluster of thick black curls, jollies the steward into yielding up a folding canvas-stool, kept by the Company for occasions when the best of friends cannot be parted. They stretch their legs languidly into the gangway, and the steward, as he begins the deft shuttling to and fro which he will sustain at the run while supplies last, steps high each time he passes. He moves so fast between compartment and cellar that his words hang in the air after he has gone. "Won't keep you a minute, sir . . . and a brandy, thank you,

sir . . . sandwiches, certainly, ham, sardine, cheese, tomato . . . and a light ale and a lager, sir . . ." and as he re-enters his orders in the galley echo still . . . "Double-egg-and-bacon-single-coffee-double-poached-LIGHTLY-DONE-TOAST-two-poached-on-Welsh . . ." The trays and cups and plates and bottles swerve and chink.

There is some sort of rumpus near the cellar. A large, angry man who has beaten the whistle by a fraction is waving his arms at the second steward. Loyalty arrests the first steward in mid-flight. "What's up, Fred?" It appears that the angry man is insisting on having a crate of beer-bottles emptied, so that he can up-end it and sit in the gangway. Already the ends of the coach are filling with standing men, and their tide is slowly encroaching on the free space. "Afraid we can't have all this

standing, gentleman," says the first steward over one shoulder, juggling poached eggs and foaming bottles of light ale. "I mean, we shan't have room to move, *please*, gentlemen." The gentlemen grin at each other, and those that have got beer pour it, but they make no move. The angry man is angrier. "Who wants to stand?" he demands. "Tell your man here to give me this crate, that's all." The train starts suddenly. There is a thump and a roar of laughter from the Stock Exchange corner, and great merriment accompanies the inquest on whose glass was upset. "Bad luck, Gordon! Ha-ha-ha!" "It isn't his, it's yours! Ha-ha-ha!" The angry man's voice bursts out loud and clear. "Who's being awkward! I'm not awkward and I'll see you in hell. I'm a regular passenger. I've travelled on this line for ten years. Give me the crate." The first steward, about to intervene, is checked by a repeat order from the Stock Exchange and by the arrival of a long file of passengers walking through the train, many of whom, taken by the jolly, smoke-and-laughter-thick atmosphere and the homely aroma of drink, seem disposed to walk no farther. The first steward pleads. He suggests that they should move along. The train stops as suddenly as it started, and the two bottles on his tray fall over, one threatening to drench a Stock Exchange leg. Amid his apologies the angry man is calling "Conductor, conductor, I've travelled on this line for ten years . . ." "Okay, Fred," says the first steward—"give the gentleman the crate . . ." The train starts again. A long-nosed man sitting on an upturned suitcase catches the steward's trouser leg. "Cheese sandwich, please. What's the matter with this train?" "Certainly, sir, cheese sandwich. No idea, sir, sorry. ONE CHEESE!" The long-nosed man exhales noisily. "Never happens in Switzerland, never."

The angry man, angry no longer, settles down on his crate with a tiny bottle of whisky, ducking to let the stewards pass. "Can't get these chaps to put themselves out, that's the trouble," he confides to the long-nosed man, who seems to have narrow interests and replies "I was just saying, how do they manage in Switzerland, I mean?"

Making East Croydon in fits and starts, with much laughter and spilt

drink, but with enough speed, all things considered, for the rhythm of conversation to become general and subdued, the train goes without warning into its three hours' purdah. The blizzard howls in the outer blackness, occasionally flapping the window draught-excluders with sharp, small explosions. As the quarter-hours tick past the talk falters, or becomes serious with the sobering effect of alcohol. Two men with pockets full of folded newspapers who have taken up their positions just where the steward has to go for the drinks, and by this time move out to make way for him each time in a little set piece of automatic choreography, are being knowledgeable about economics, and the Rent Act and Cyprus. "As to partition," says one portentously, pouring stout, "the solution couldn't be simpler . . ." The other nods gravely and whistles thoughtfully through his teeth. Even the Stock Exchange has gone serious. "No, but, my dear boy, of *course* you should change your car every year . . ." and there is talk of fan-belts and engine-casings. Two insurance men, one puffing a dark pipe, one a light, have covered the television situation from aerial erection to actual sets, and are now even forced to discuss the programmes. "What about that Sunday play—building a house or something?" "Master Builder." "Yes, that. Well, I mean." "Yes. Well, some friends turned up from St. Leonards, so we cut it off . . ."

A train going the other way dawdles past, reviving the waning wit of the

Stock Exchange corner . . . "There's the Southern Belle, packed with popsies, going up to town. Ha-ha-ha!" Someone has the brashness to put into words a general anxiety about the vulnerability of long-stationary trains. "Oh, yes, indeed," says Gordon (or possibly Peter)—"I must say, I should hate them to find one of these British Railways Welsh rarebits in my stomach contents." (Ha-ha-ha!) But a hush, and then. "Steward, mixture as before, please . . . Come on, Derek, you've been on the market all day, you must have heard some stories . . ." The voices drop conspiratorially, the laughter roars and dies, the whisky flows, the stewards hurry, stepping high over the legs, the two men with the newspapers are discussing U.N.E.S.C.O., the man on the suitcase tells the man on the crate that in Switzerland they have snow permanently . . . and the train, whose potential mobility has been quite forgotten, jerks into life to hysterical cheers and proves to have been just outside Haywards Heath all the time.

There is a frenzy of bill-paying, coat-putting, back-slapping, shoving, grunting, joking ("Gordon's going to do his next bit by sledge. Ha-ha-ha!"). But as they all jostle their way out into the night they are already straightening their faces, ready to tell their worried, waiting wives what a terrible time they've had.

Epilogue to a Journey of Geographers

(After Housman)

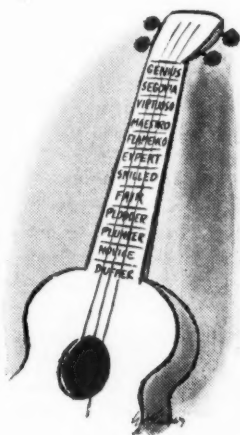
THESE, in the day when snow was falling,

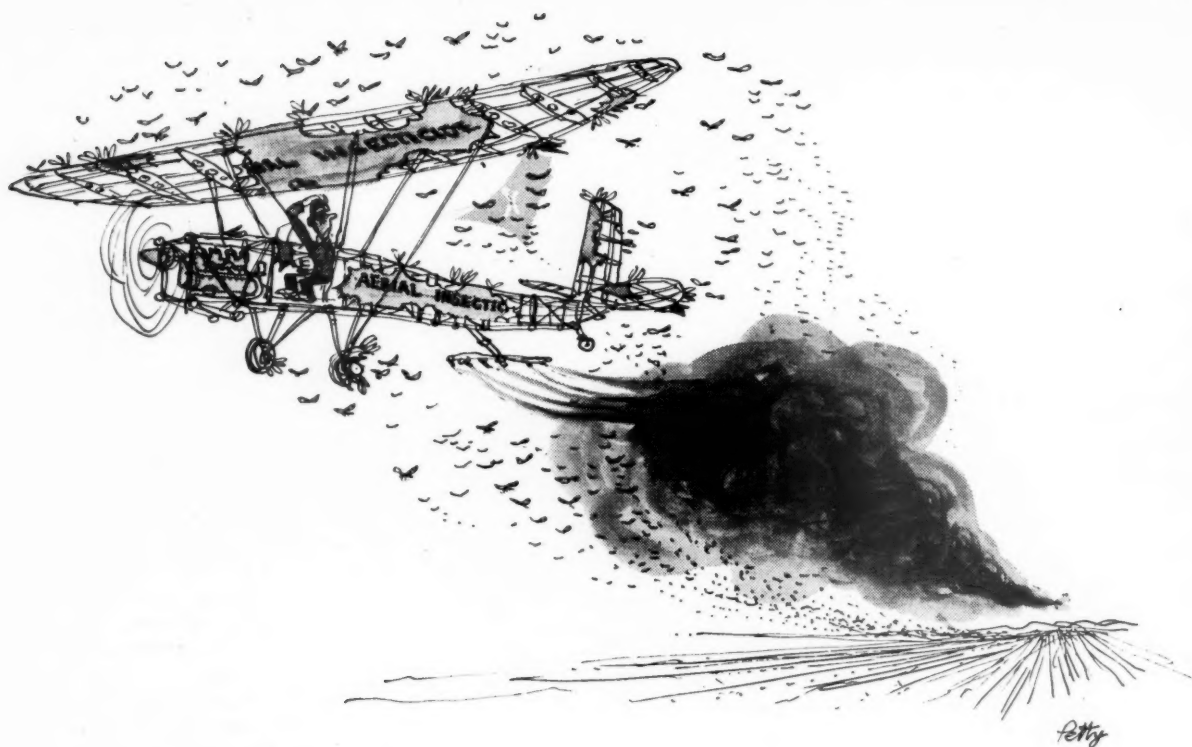
When naught but hardship lay ahead,
Followed their geophysics calling
On various kinds of motor-sled.

While Barber kept the news-wires humming
And Hillary for the Pole was bent,
These sought the object of their coming—

A better-charted continent.

B. A. YOUNG





The Cheese Cure

By GERDA L. COHEN

UNTIL recently, B., the man who shared our garage, had a mania for cheese. The well-bred odour permeating his morbidly well-bred car derived from epochs of Pont l'Évêque and a Danish dark-blue—almost navy—which he used periodically to claim from the Queen's warehouse after it had been impounded as a risk to public health. His library sagged with lexicons on industrial bacteria and travel books on the main cow-rearing countries. For in fact this subject interested him from every angle except the gastronomic, and B. only touched a bit of mouse-trap now and again. He came back from Florence gloating over a delicate greenish kind which he'd unearthed near the Uffizi. "Thank God I didn't have time to go round the gallery," he said with his habitual wink. This facial exercise had given B. a rather lopsided appearance, like Picasso's gentleman with violin, but otherwise he was quite normal.

Apart from being able to date a Camembert with one sniff, he had a

good nose for business. We understood he did something to diamonds, in a drab office behind Hatton Garden, where the lino had yaws or worse. On the staircase papered with old treacle stood bland men who kept their hands in their pockets even while in danger of being edged over the banister. Not that B. himself actually handled diamonds. "Couldn't tell one from a glass collar-stud," he winked. Anyhow, a transaction involving some theoretical jewellery obliged him to meet a dealer in Amsterdam. They fixed an appointment for three o'clock.

This suited both of them admirably, as the dealer preferred bargaining with Englishmen after they'd been pulverized by the unfamiliar bulk and protein-content of a Dutch meal, while B. calculated that by lunching off a sandwich he could just fit in a certain piece of research. "My alienation from the family," he would often relate, "began on my ninth birthday. They gave me a football which I swapped with the errand boy for a superb

vermilion Gouda. My father compelled me to hand it back; working off his beastly complexes, I imagine." With the memory unhealed, he set out to discover the origin of spherical cheese, it being common knowledge that cubes or cart-wheels are much simpler to make.

The Netherlands Chamber of Commerce recommended him, without a quiver, to the dairy at Brook-in-Waterland. This turned out to be, not unnaturally, a village full of water, the local type of water, tamed into undeviating drainage channels and an octagonal pond with a chalet for seagulls planted right in the middle. The farmhouses were a replica of this gullcote, impregnated with flytox and clean paint. B. asked the way of a matron scrubbing her brick wall with a long mop. "The Model Melkhuis?" She insisted on accompanying him past a phalanx of windows fitted with a mirror to spy on the public outside.

A suave young cowman in a lounge suit ushered him inside. "A typical

north Holland cheese producery," said the farmer in a single high-pitched breath, "where you will please note the barn the covey and the dwelling-quarter under one roof." Each cow stall had prim muslin curtains of unearthly whiteness. The floor was so polished that B. fell into a churn trimmed with pink ribbon. "Where do you—er—work?" B. inquired after dusting the churn apologetically. "Here, of course," he intoned on a slightly querulous note. "Our Friesian Holsteins are giving their most luxuriant milk in spring, and we therefore end cheese production five months ago." He led the visitor through a row of curd kneaders decorated with bouquets of wax tulips. "Note a curdling trough!" B. interrupted to compliment his

English accent. "The Tourism department is examining all guides," revealed the cowman with hauteur.

Pocketing a fag-end lest it contaminate a whey-extractor, B. asked why their cheese was round. "That is a trade secret," replied the cowman, ushering out his guest with a pained smile, "and do not omit to visit our Model Slaughtery," waving at the butcher shop. Chagrined, B. made for the least commercial homestead in sight. He only escaped after ordering a hundredweight of high-grade red cannon-balls suspiciously labelled for export. To a connoisseur the word spelt synthetic rind and lack of character. An idea struck him; surely the Oldest Inhabitant would provide a clue. This proved to be a curmudgeon who kept a

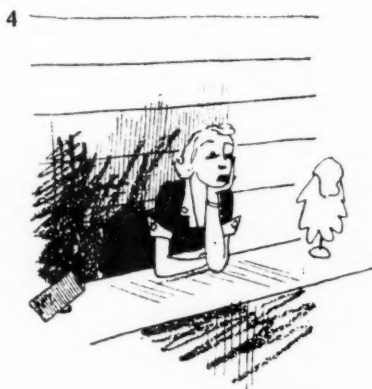
pottenwinkel and wouldn't utter a word till his client had bought a dozen fake Delft fish plates. Finally, "Cheese 'as always been round," snorted the old devil, "it's nature." The toy church bell tinkled three o'clock.

Aghast, B. flagged a lift with his umbrella, from an eel-carrier which shot into Amsterdam after he'd presented a huge tip, miscalculating the rate of exchange in his agitation. The transaction certainly ruined, he strode through a crowd outside the office. Everyone wore the same upright, oblong expression as their Dutch bicycles. A policeman barred his way. "No entry, *mijnheer*." Someone confided in a whisper: "They've arrested the dealer for smuggling out diamonds hidden inside those big red cheeses."

THE BRITISH CHARACTER—TWENTY YEARS ON



"He says it's not for sale, my Lord."



"We have it in stock all right, madam, but it's on the top shelf."

BY way of a final comment on the immortality of PONT's creations, here is a round-up of some of his smaller drawings. Are they not still with us, all these splendid figures?—

1. the press baron—
2. the television don—
3. the Trade Union leader—
4. the deb—
5. and the retired commander-in-chief.



"Will you please repeat that there last remark, Mister?"



"I suppose you know you're doing that all wrong."



"There's a most unusual-looking bird on the lawn."

THE NEW MAYHEW—



—A NIGHT AT WRESTLING



Y comparison with such public spectacles as prize-fighting, steeplechasing, football games and circus peepshows, the matches arranged between professional wrestlers cannot be said to command a large following. There is evidence, however, that a small and dedicated public still favours the entertainment (or "sport," as it is termed), vociferous crowds being attracted to the few halls in which contests are regularly permitted.

Entering one of these dens in the very midst of a performance, accompanied by a puny but erudite *devotee* the blackness of whose finger-nails rivalled that of his boots, I was at first almost persuaded that we had by some mischance found our way into a cock-fighting pit. Certainly, as we strove to find seats, the noise and general attitude of those already present created the strongest possible impression that they were urging two unfortunate dumb creatures to rip out one another's brains or wind-pipes, and looking forward with the keenest anticipation to the moment when they would themselves be spattered with the gouts of blood inevitably attendant upon such a conclusion. I was presently to learn, however, that this deep-throated, primeval clamour, instinct with all that is most brutish and demoralized in human nature, was liable at any moment (and for no logical reason that I could determine) to change to an outburst of the most light-hearted laughter, such as will usually greet the entrance of the clowns and Augustes.

My guide having in a hoarse voice adumbrated the chief "holds" and manœuvres generally accepted as legitimate in this bizarre form of combat, I prepared to observe the next "bout." This was between a hairy man from Northumberland, lately a coal miner, with the unusual name of Sidi Ben Yussif ["They made him pretend to be a Siberian, see," explained my guide], and Anton Carrambo, designated upon the programme as a Peruvian Bone-Crusher, but in fact, as I later learned, a native of Wigan. The match commenced with Ben Yussif being turned upside-down and dropped, from a height of two feet, upon the top

A hundred years ago Henry Mayhew, a former joint-editor of PUNCH, wrote "London Labour and the London Poor." ALEX ATKINSON and RONALD SEARLE make a modern reassessment.

of his head, which appeared slightly pointed. The Bone-Crusher then seizing the Siberian's neck between his thighs was seen to exert such a fierce and relentless pressure that after the passage of about twelve seconds it became only too lamentably obvious that Ben Yussif had died from the effects of strangulation.

I was apparently the only person present who experienced the slightest feeling of remorse at this sudden and tragic turn of events; for all the ladies and gentlemen of the audience were either laughing delightedly at the exultant expression on the face of the murderer (who, gibbering and drooling like an ape, still continued savagely to squeeze the bloated cadaver), or urging him to fresh acts of barbarism, of which they suggested several, and in considerable detail: one male child of school age repeatedly inviting him to pull the dead man's head off.

The effect of such a brutal exhibition upon the minds of young persons, like the youth above-mentioned, is difficult to assess. I cannot but feel, however, that delight at the torture and punishment suffered by others is not a characteristic to be encouraged in our children.

The uproar of bellowing, hooting, stamping, hallooing, whistling and yelping which presently broke out among the audience when Ben Yussif proved to be still alive, and wriggled to a standing position in order first to kick his blubbering opponent in the throat and then to send him reeling into a knotted heap by butting him in the pit of the stomach, I shall not easily erase from my memory. And when the Siberian later grunted like a choking dog while the sixteen-stone Bone-Crusher jumped thrice upon his spread-eagled body, I was moved to wonder at the perfumed lady who sat beside me; for she hissed in her breath with a devilish glee, her whole frame trembled as she licked her lips, and her eyes showed a terrible joy.

With the abolition of public whipping, maiming and hanging, we in this country were deprived of a lively form of sadistic relaxation. That other forms are still available my visit to the wrestling-den amply proved. Nor was I inclined to alter this opinion upon the assurances of my guide that actual bodily harm is but seldom suffered by the participants in these encounters; for if their agony is deliberately simulated, then this is certainly because the spectators crave to witness agony, and would show their disappointment if these large men did not moan and sob for them.

It was noticeable that at the end of the proceedings many members of the audience left the hall with a shame-faced air; and others laughed among themselves, as though to convince one another that they had just partaken of a harmless evening's fun. One or two spoke earnestly of points of skill and technique, and it is beyond question that these are essential even in this curious form of wrestling: but the proportion of the enthusiasts for whom the finer scientific points of the exercise have any appreciable meaning or interest must be very small.

My informant explained that the wrestlers make "a fair living." He agreed that theirs was "a hard life"; but pointed out that in most cases they were endowed with gifts that suited them for no other kind of employment. "But if he can think up some trick to take the public's fancy, like having a big moustache, or always pretending to fight dirty, or being so fat anyone would get sick to look at him, or coming from some far-off land, or being a coward, then a wrestler can quickly get to the top, and be in great demand. When he grows too old to fight, or suffers some deep injury to the brain or kidney, then he must turn elsewhere for a living. No, it isn't easy. But if he has friends, or has saved a little, I dare say he will get along somehow. No, I wouldn't let a son of mind get in that ring; I'd shoot him first. But it's a great game to watch. Sometimes I think I'm kicking those ugly great bellies myself, although I'm a little chap: and that's the whole secret."

ALEX ATKINSON

Next week: A Rocking Boy



The Sunflower Girl

By ANTHONY CARSON

I HAD just arrived in Vienna. It was cold, grey and enormous. How could I get to know it? How nibble my way in like a mouse? I had no wish to visit museums or palaces. The opera was out of the question: you need full evening dress, medals and a woman in a dream of satin like the Queen of Sheba. I was staying in the Pension Bendl near the Lehargasse, a huge super-heated residence with two floors and salons full of tiny twinkling chandeliers. The only other people I saw were an elderly Egyptian couple. The wife, who wore dark sunglasses, was suffering from terrible toothache. "All our stay in Vienna has been toothache," said her husband.

The next morning I took a walk in the streets. Near the Pension Bendl was a building with large notices on it. "The best Deep Psychology in Vienna," one of them said. "Applied Jung practice," said another, "with advanced Yoga exercises and somatic meditations and shock baths." I passed on and

entered a coffee-house. There were many Espressos, gleaming like false jewellery, and you could hear Elvis Presley being vaguely sick in the background. The coffee-house was Vienna, large and cosy and brown and stocked with German and Austrian magazines and newspapers. Everyone was reading, and the waiter was seated at a table writing. He jumped up, apologizing. "At your service," he said. "I am studying for my waiter's examination." I drank two bottles of beer and looked at the fifty-six papers. Then I went back to the Pension, sat down and thought. I had to break through. Who in the whole of this great, unknown, mysterious town of deep psychology, tiny chandeliers and waiters' examinations could I contact? Suddenly I thought of the British Council, went to the office, acquired the number and rang 63-26-16. "Hullo," said a voice. "I am Carson," I said. "That is good," said the voice. "I am a writer," I said. "May I speak to somebody?" There

was a long pause and then another precise English voice answered me. "Hullo," he said. "I am Johnson of the Council. Who are you?" "I am Carson," I said. "Oh," he said. I could sense him racking his brains. "Then you had better come round."

I took a taxi to Freiong. Johnson was waiting for me. He had a thin black beard and bent over his desk with slightly menacing hospitality. "I am afraid to say I do not know who you are," he said, "what you... contribute." "I write stories and books," I said. "I have arrived here in Vienna and don't know one brick from another." "I see," he said. "You have come here, no doubt, to study history, monuments and so on." "No," I said. "Deep Psychology, tiny chandeliers, and waiters' examinations." He looked at me, leant back and relaxed. "I think I understand," he said. "But it is difficult. I will see what I can do." It turned out that he was a poet, had lived in Brazil and translated poems from the Portuguese. He showed me

one of them. "Telephone Operator, Telephone Operator, Listen to my prayer, I am dying of love, this is a Priority Call..."

I returned at six. "I have decided how to help you," he said. "There is a girl called Katy. It is her or nothing, I am afraid. She is Austria. Unfortunately, there is also a Belgian, but she can handle anything. We will meet her at my flat." The flat was quite close, so we walked there. Once in the hall, Johnson produced keys. "For the lift," he said. "No lifts are free in Vienna. Thirty-five shillings a month and have your own keys made." We lumbered upstairs in the extortionate lift and entered the flat. It was very pleasant, spacious and warm. Johnson had a Scottish wife and a small daughter who spoke high Viennese slang. He mixed Martinis and then the bell rang. "That will be Katy," he said, going to answer the door. It was. Directly she entered the room I could see she *could* be Austria. She looked like some sort of hitherto unknown cat, shut her eyes tight, opened them and shook with laughter. "You might not believe it," said Johnson, "but she is made of iron." "You are here to study monuments?" Katy asked me. "No," replied Johnson, "he is here to study Deep Psychology. Perhaps you could help him." "I might at that," said Katy, shutting her eyes very tight.

I met her the next day. We climbed up to the top of a very high building near the Church of St. Stephen's and drank wine. Below lay Vienna like a vast glittering toy. Somewhere in the distance a tall tower flashed strange red flashes and dots. "That is giving weather reports," said Katy. "I think I am the only person in Vienna who *knows* it." "You understand the flashes and dots?" I asked. "No. I am simply the only person who knows it is giving weather reports," she said. I seemed to have known her for years. She began to talk about her early life. During the war the Germans had drafted her as a teacher to Poland. The boys fell madly in love with her and gave her sunflower seeds. "They just sat there and looked at me and I ate sunflower seeds. Now I always eat sunflower seeds. I make all my friends eat them. I gave lectures on bridge-building and baroque architecture and plumbing." "But did you know anything about these subjects?"

"Nothing," said Katy. "But it didn't matter, except for one boy who was very brilliant. But he couldn't understand German. A very stupid boy translated my lecture to him, so it came to the same thing." There was fighting around the school, and then the German troops moved away, so the boys bought knives. "To protect me," said Katy. "When I got back to Austria the Russians had come."

I took her to the Pension Bendl. It was the obvious thing to do. One had to break through into Vienna and break through quickly before the snow fell. We walked into the salon and had dinner under the tiny twinkling chandeliers. "It's a house for girls," said Katy. "Rich, young society girls from Innsbruck." We went down into my huge overheated room and I read her an absurd poem I had written in the lavatory. "A golden thief took my fingerprints, a waiter drugged my coffee, a dog sniffed my trousers and there are frozen flowers here in Vienna as big as plates... Sunflower girl, we have died twenty deaths, but the flowers are whiter than moons." "Very Balkan," said Katy. I took her in my arms. "Is this what you have come to Vienna for?" she cried. Almost immediately there was a knock on the door. I jumped up and opened it. "A Belgian

gentleman is inquiring for the lady," said one of the maids. "My God," cried Katy. "He has the best intelligence service in Vienna. I will ring you up."

Later she rang me up and we managed to meet in the Café Mozart near the Opera. "Only for half an hour," said Katy. "He knows one of the waiters, but I think he is off duty. Listen, I have some news. He is going to the Congo." "When?" I asked. "Quite soon. Any time." "Are you going?" "No," she said. "What could a Viennese do in the Congo? I will stay here and weep because I love him. Then you can console me. Have you another poem?" "No," I said. "I am sorry," she said. A waiter came up and bowed to Katy. "There is a call for you on the telephone," he said. "I think it is the Belgian gentleman."

I had nibbled at the walls of the town, one or two songs danced in my head, a girl's dim face was in the sky. I looked out of the carriage window, my life an enlarging network between foreign cities. Opposite me a large man was sitting with a paper bag on his knees. Tears were pouring down his face and he was cracking something between his teeth. I looked closer and saw they were sunflower seeds.

I got out at the next station and returned to Vienna.



Drawn from the Middle West



NORMAN MANSBRIDGE,
*wintering in U.S.A., writes from
Marshall, Michigan:*

Still under snow. We had planned to motor south, but the freak freeze-up all over the country has made us give that up. So we're off to Chicago to-morrow and going on to Florida by train.

In these parts we feel exactly like visiting Royalty; not necessarily because of the association with *Punch* but simply because we're British. It has dawned on me that British tourists haven't been seen here for twenty years. The younger generation have absolutely no ideas at all about Britain, and some

of the High School students, I'm quite sure, are a bit surprised to find that our skin is the same colour as theirs.

Yesterday, for instance, I spent some time answering questions about England for the local paper. That was an eye-opener. Sample observation: "I believe there is more formality in your schools—it would be compulsory, no doubt, for a teacher to wear a necktie."

And Marshall is not just a hick town. It's as wealthy and up-to-date as you could wish a town to be. The educational set-up is absolutely tremendous.

All the natives are enormously concerned about their health. They drink gallon after gallon of milk, but carefully

avoid fattening foods. Filter-tip cigarettes are everywhere, and everybody seems to carry his own favourite brand. Every brand, of course, has its tag; for example:

Viceroy. "Twenty thousand tiny filter tips."

Kent (so popular at one time that there became an actual scarcity). "The cigarette with the micronite filter."

Winstons (the frank, honest approach!). "Winstons taste good, like a cigarette should."

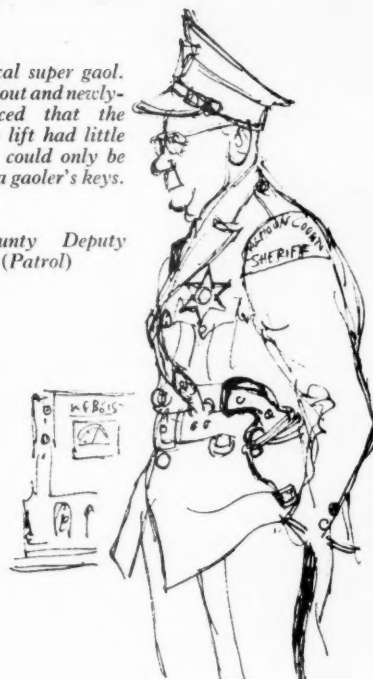
(In a country which accepts "different than" as a correct grammatical usage, "like a cigarette should" easily gets by.)



Grandpa making popcorn in the kitchen

Visited the local super gaol. Warm throughout and newly-built. Noticed that the buttons on the lift had little keyholes. It could only be operated with a gaoler's keys.

Calhoun County Deputy Sheriff (Patrol)

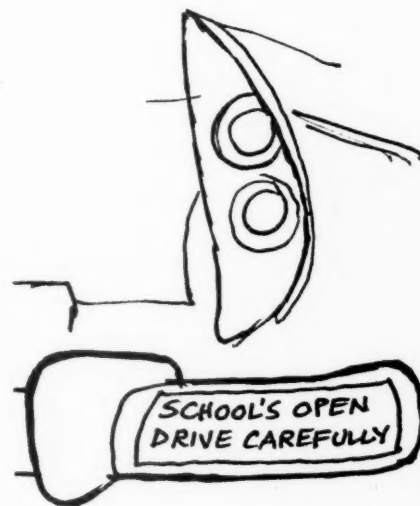


Pall Mall comes top of my list. The makers claim with exuberant irrelevancy, "You can smoke it from both ends." Not, as far as I can learn, from both ends simultaneously.

Among our amenities we number colour television. You have to mix the colours by the use of separate controls—something extra for father to fiddle about with! The quality, when properly

adjusted, is very good; but the programmes are pretty average. The usual quiz programmes for high stakes, of course, and the participants show the same agony about winning them as those at home, in spite of the fact that their winnings are taxable as income—or perhaps because of it!

Children always asked us the same question: "Have you seen Queen Elizabeth?"



Angus and the Rag

By ANTHONY POWELL

IT was nigh four hours past midnight, yet Angus MacAbacus was still bowed over his slate, his eyes dim with studying. Could he win that government grant that would send him to the university in the great city? How often had he asked himself that question. There came the noise of a door bursting open. It was his widowed mother and the Elder.

"Ye've got the grant, ye've got the grant," the Elder cried. "Ain your bannock is baked ye'll babble o'er the burn."

What joy there was in that humble crofter's cot, for they had not thought that Angus was of the stuff that scholars are made.

The great day came and Angus packed his beloved books and few modest garments in a blanket, and taking his well-worn slate he wrapped his plaid round him. He set out for the city on foot, for it was but eighty-three miles.

As he threaded his way through the streets, wondering at the trams, Angus thought of the learning he would acquire and the heights to which he would rise. How his heart thumped as he passed through the college gate. There were some students standing by the gate carrying bags and sacks like that which hung on Angus's shoulder.

Now Angus was but a simple country

lad, and he knew not the person he should ask to see.

"Can ye tell me where I can find the Rector?" he asked a big red-haired lad filling a basket with eggs.

"Aye, that I can, gowk," replied the big student, "for we go to find the Rector ourselves, and it will be ill to pay and we waste more time here."

So Angus wrapped his plaid closer round him, and clung on tighter to his bundle, and went with the other students. By now they had become a huge concourse and some few of them carried some greater or lesser bundle like Angus's. They came at last to a great hall where many distinguished-looking men were standing on a dais.

"And do I gang right up to the Rector?" whispered Angus.

"Aye, lad, but there must be some

giff gagg [give and take] first," vouchsafed the big student.

And then suddenly Angus found himself in a tumult the like of which no MacAbacus had known since the day of Pinkie fight, for there were eggs and soot and flour flying through the air. Soot and plenty had Angus savoured in their humble crofter's cot, aye, and tasted many a doubtful egg and tomato after his porridge at breakfast in the morning dews, yet never he thought to be in the midst of such as this.

"Must I throw too?" he asked the big student. "Must I throw too?"

"Aye, lad," quoth the big student, himself throwing freely from his basket of eggs. "If ye would be one of us lads ye must throw too."

So Angus threw too, and he threw his beloved book and his modest garments and his blanket and his slate, and his slate hit the Rector and knocked him unconscious; and Angus was acclaimed by all the concourse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Letters addressed to the Editor, unless specifically marked otherwise, may be considered for publication.)

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—I was very amused to see what you had made of my remarks at the Lake District Planning Board Anti-Litter Conference. But I was not quoted correctly. What I actually said was "Let one of the Archers get lamed with cut glass" following up some earlier remarks on the danger of playing the game of floating bottles in the lake or standing them on walls in order to play the game of pelting them with stones until they sink or fall. The game is admittedly great fun and the fact that the broken glass causes serious accidents to cattle and to children paddling is not generally realized.

Yours sincerely,

Dacre, Penrith JEAN E. MACINNES

"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS"

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—In the many years I have spent in journalism I cannot recall anything more scurrilous than the cartoon you printed by Brockbank with the caption "Gentlemen of the Press." Moreover, I would point out that it was a comment on allegations against newspaper photographers which have not yet been proved and which are under investigation by the Press Council.

Yours faithfully,

N. A. CURSLEY, Editor
News Chronicle, London, E.C.4

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To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Thank you very much indeed for your portrait of certain "Gentlemen of the Press." I have reason to know that it is a speaking likeness.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) A. L. JAMES

Bosham, Chichester

CRABBED AGE, ETC.

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—As a not particularly angry young man I like some of the recent changes in *Punch* but am still left with the feeling that your attitude to my age group is that it should be seen, with distaste, but not heard much, if at all. We're not all teddy boys; some of our innocent little pleasures, such as skiffle, "method" acting, and what you would call *avant-garde* literature and painting, should not qualify as mere Aunt Sallies for you to throw your rather ponderous missiles at. We were all young once, sir, though in your case I know it was one hundred and seventeen years ago.

Yours sincerely,

ERIC WELLINGTON

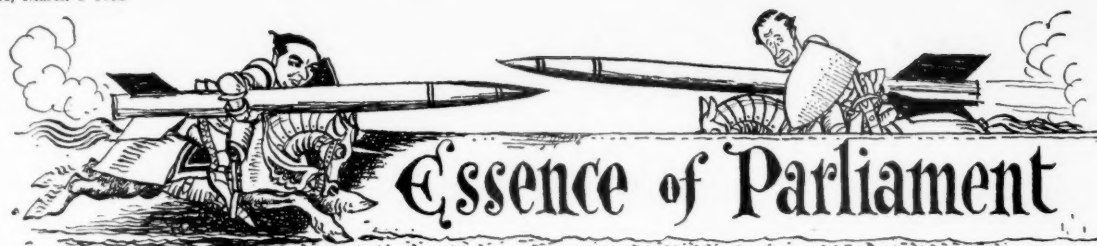
London, N.W.

**Gemini*, Oxford and Cambridge magazine, in a poll recently conducted among two hundred undergraduates, included the question "Which periodical do you prefer?" *Punch* headed the Cambridge list, came second, by one vote, at Oxford.—Editor

The fifth instalment of "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT," by T. S. WATT, starts on page 337.



"She's gone to the Ideal Home Exhibition."



IT was Mr. Shinwell's week at Westminster. Mr. George Brown had started off in the defence debate on Wednesday, fully convinced that the Government had promised that the full nuclear deterrent would be used in all save "border" incidents of aggression. The Prime Minister and Mr. Sandys had no difficulty in showing that he was wrong in this—that there was in fact no difference between the Government and the Opposition on that point. The Opposition, as Mr. Macmillan pointed out, had said that bombs would not be dropped in minor incidents and the Government said that bombs would be dropped in major instances. Fair enough, but when Mr. Sandys went on from that to refuse to define which would be considered major and which would be considered minor, knocking the bottom out of Mr. Brown's argument, he had equally knocked the bottom out of his own. For the whole burden of his argument had been that the world had suffered two major wars because Great Britain had refused to define her position and that that mistake would not be made again, and here it was—if mistake it was—patently being made again.

Mr. Brown was, of course, perfectly right in saying that the Government was far from clear what it would do about these "in-between" incidents, but then Mr. Brown was far from clear either, nor—to be fair—are many of the rest of us very clear. He talked about tactical atomic weapons—just enough, he wanted, to redress the balance of the Russian advantage in ground troops. But is it awfully likely, as Mr. Crossman asked, that the Russians would tamely allow that balance to be redressed?

There were on Wednesday lively interesting speeches from Colonel Wigg and Sir Fitzroy Maclean, but the whole business was pretty dreary. One was tempted for mere relief to patter along to the Lords to hear Lord Blackford on A.I.D., and by five o'clock on Thursday,

after the opening speeches from Mr. de Freitas and Mr. George Ward, the whole debate looked like petering out from sheer boredom. It looked like petering out because in a realm in which almost everything else was of appalling importance the actual motion which the House was debating was self-evident nonsense. The House was debating the Labour motion that the building of missile bases should be postponed until after the summit conference. Now there is something to be said for the pacifist case. There is something to be said, quite apart from pacifism, for the argument that it is a waste of money and useless for us in our position to equip ourselves with H-bombs since the Americans already have more than enough. There is something to be said for it, as Mr. Brown and Mr. de Freitas argued that on purely military grounds Thor is a nonsense. But if there is no point in these bases then there is no point in building them at all, whether before or after the summit conference. The notion that to postpone building will make the Russians more amenable at the conference is something which no one, as Mr. Shinwell truly argued, could possibly believe, and which it is safe to say no one does believe. It was simply a Bedlam-formula to get all the Socialist Party into the same lobby.



Therefore what a relief when at five o'clock on Thursday that delightful septuagenarian little boy rose and blandly, with the sweetest of smiles, let out the fact that the Emperor had no clothes—blandly said, what everyone knew to be true, that the differences between the two Front Benches were manufactured and that the real difference was that between official Labour policy, which had been committed by Lord Attlee to the manufacture of the bomb, and unofficial Labour policy which was against the manufacture of the bomb. The great figure of Attlee dominates the policy of both parties. Mr. Shinwell was all in the mood for saying blunt things. Either we must have a defence policy that is dependent on America or we must go pacifist and take the chances of having no defence policy. To take defence measures but to try to satisfy our conscience by seeing to it that the measures are inefficient is the worst of both worlds.

In old age the vein of malice in Mr. Shinwell has become delicious. It was obvious enough that he was enjoying himself no end. He made a nonsense of Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley, of the bogus party issues, and then finished up with the suggestion that the whole question should be taken out of party politics by a system of inter-party consultations—by the establishment of a Standing Committee on Defence.

All this was a great piece of luck for Mr. Nigel Birch, who followed Mr. Shinwell in his first speech since his resignation. Mr. Birch, that racy original, is no page-boy to follow obediently in the footsteps of good King Shinwell or any other Wenceslas. But it was a convenience to him to be able to make his protest against his own party in an atmosphere in which nobody was any longer in any mind to take mere party slogans seriously, and to argue that our greatest contribution to peace would be solvency rather than armaments.

PERCY SOMERSET



Living With Dear Money

IT can't be much fun to be a wise man in these days. The three representatives of the species who have laboured on the Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes have seen and heard their homework met by a chorus of angry yells, epithets and smears—the kind of noises that are, alas! becoming all too familiar at political meetings, rectorial ceremonies at our universities, and even in Parliament.

What the Council have said is that the erosion in the value of the pound which has gone on for a longer number of peace-time years than in any previous period of British history must stop. They have declared war on the popular thesis that we must learn to live with continuous inflation—"modest" inflation, of course. They point out that as soon as the persistence and inevitability of inflation become realized by enough people the game is up and it becomes impossible to keep the inflation within the bounds of modesty. You cannot fool all the people all of the time. Trotting inflation, if it goes on long enough, inevitably breaks into a gallop; and, to change the metaphor, the more lifeboats we build into the ship, by sliding scale wage arrangements and the like, the quicker the ship itself will sink.

In this declaration of war against inflation the Three Wise Men have expressed the sense of the vast majority in this country (did it but understand what they are trying to say) and their report deserves better than the moronic cacophony of execration that has met it so far.

If we are not to live with inflation, the alternative companion is likely to be fairly dear money. Heaven forbid that we should have to endure a 7 per cent Bank Rate one day longer than is necessary. But this is a world in which the urge to build, expand, industrialize and raise standards all round is greater than the urge to scrape and save. If we are to keep a balance between savings and investment without letting inflation loose we must expect credit and capital to command a price appropriate to their relative scarcity.

There are virtues in dear money. If credit had not been as artificially cheap and abundant as it was made in the immediate post-war years our very

scarce capital would have been used with a better appreciation of priorities. Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of Monsanto Chemicals, made the point very well recently when he said that we must learn not merely to exist "but to live well and expand" with dear money. To those who raised sceptical eyebrows at his remark he pointed to Germany's post-war re-equipment which was achieved with interest rates of 8 to 10 per cent. When money is as dear as that it is not likely to be frittered away on unnecessary frills. Every mark invested has had to earn its keep. That is one of the virtues of our own credit squeeze which in the circumstances was necessary and belated—in fact two years



Foundations of Farming

THE past has always been a burden. It can be an impenetrable barrier too when it is made of concrete. In these solid circumstances it becomes increasingly difficult to make any move towards planning the future unless equipped with a stick of gelignite and a crowbar. I sometimes think that the policies of the Ministry of Agriculture are dictated by the Federation of Cement Manufacturers.

Take one barn on my farm for example: it was originally built about 1750 as a brewery to provide beer for the farm workmen. One or two of the copper pans used then are still lying about the place somewhere or other. When home brewing was made illegal the barn was turned into a horse mill. It was used for that purpose until about 1900 when the invention of the petrol engine turned the horses out to grass; the mill became a perch for fowls. For the next forty years the barn was hardly used at all. It was Hitler who gave us the broom to clear it out. I remember it took us nearly a week to dig through the fowls' dung to reach down to the stone grinding-wheel, which laid buried beneath it. Then the Concrete Era began in earnest. Since when I've used

overdue according to the Three Wise Men.

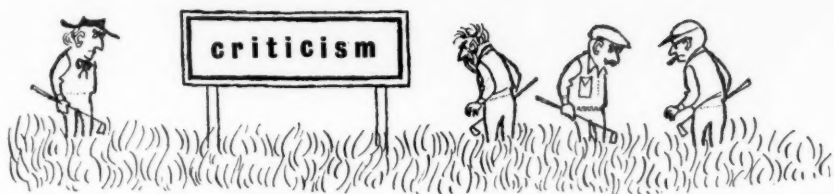
Sir Miles Thomas's thrust comes appropriately from the British chemical industry which has not been lured by the temptations of easy money into wasteful expansion. No other British industry has raised efficiency so miraculously over the past twelve years. There was a time when the industry in Britain lived in fear of foreign, especially German, competition. The protection of the Safeguarding of Industries Act of 1921 was devised largely in its favour. To-day a vastly different picture is presented. Firms such as Imperial Chemical Industries, Albright and Wilson, Laporte Industries, as well as Monsanto and the chemical offshoots of the oil groups, are straining at the leash for the moment when a Free Trade Area begins to lower the tariff and quota barriers in Europe. It is reassuring to see so much zest for competitive life in one of our basic industries.

TRUSTEE

about fifty tons of cement on this barn alone.

First we decided to conform to the Ministry's request to increase milk production by making it into a shippen. This entailed a solid concrete floor, troughs, partitions and drainage. We even installed cement drinking-bowls. By 1945 the increase in agricultural wages had made the shippen uneconomic. It became too expensive to muck it out every morning. So we were driven to buy an outdoor milking-bale. Crowbars demolished the partitions. New cement was laid to fill in the troughs and gutters. For the next few years the barn was a deep-litter house, until fluctuations in egg prices persuaded me to order another ten tons of cement and turn the place into a Dutch piggery. That enterprise was profitable on paper for about the same time as it took the cement to harden. We found we had to fatten a hundred baconers per year to pay for the pig-man's wages. By the end of last year the profit on pigs had fallen to under £1 per carcass sold to the curer. It is a case for the crowbar again. But what now? No doubt the Federation of Cement Manufacturers have their plan. Mine is to turn the place into an illicit brewery.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Broken Friendship

Henry James and H. G. Wells: A Record of their Friendship and their Quarrel.
 Edited by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray.
 Hart Davis, 21/-

H. G. WELLS (1866-1946) met Henry James (1843-1916) in about 1898. James was by then a figure of great distinction in the literary world, but his books did not sell widely, and they were destined to sell even less as he approached the later phase of his writing. He had also recently suffered a disaster in the theatre, when his play *Guy Domville* was booed; an occasion, oddly enough, at which Wells himself was present, experiencing his first night as a dramatic critic.

Wells was thirty-two, regarded as a promising writer, but with by far the greater part of the work for which he eventually became known still before him. So far as may be judged by the letters reproduced here—and in spite of their diametrically opposed temperaments—the two authors seem immediately to have got on well together. Wells would send James his books; James, at times critical, was also abundantly full of praise. He would write what were practically private reviews of each Wells novel as it appeared.

Let me put my own cards on the table. I find—and have always found—Wells all but unreadable. I recognize that the "science fiction" group were remarkable in their day, and have stood up fairly well to the subsequent factual history of scientific development. I can see that certain episodes in novels like *Mr. Polly* or *Love and Mr. Lewisham* are well observed and amusingly told. The fact remains that the bulk of Wells's writing seems to me shoddy; the "realism" at which he aimed, on the whole, quite unreal. Only for brief moments do his characters live, because—so it seems to me and as he himself was the first to proclaim—he was primarily interested not in people as human beings but in the politico-social ideas he himself wished to propagate. Above all, the reader can never escape

from the really dreadful cockiness of Wells's own personality, bursting irrepressibly through the printed page.

This is by the way, and only to excuse what may be prejudice against Wells, who appears to me to come out of his relationship with James very badly indeed.

After seventeen years of friendship Wells wrote a story called *Boon*—its appropriate parts are reproduced here—which caricatured James as "Boon," and also introduced him by his own name. The first thing that strikes the reader about *Boon* is how astonishingly badly James's style is parodied by Wells. It might be thought that nothing would be easier than to pastiche the Jamesian convolutions, but Wells fails lamentably. In addition to saying straight out a number of wounding things about James's character, the dialogue put into James's mouth is (so anyone of even the mildest sophistication can see) full

of *doubles ententes*, much more remarkable for crudity than wit.

Wells sent this book to James. James's letter acknowledging it is a masterpiece of dignity and good nature. At this, Wells appears to have lost his head and replied with a letter the silliness and bumptiousness of which make embarrassing reading. James wrote again, but the friendship was, of course, at an end.

The difficulty is to be fair to Wells. It could perhaps be urged that James's letters might have prepared Wells for somewhat kinder, or at least less tortuous treatment, than he received in two long articles on "The Younger Generation" in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 1914; although the obviously keen interest he showed in Wells's writing should have satisfied the most exigent author's vanity. No doubt James had his absurd side, especially for one of Wells's point of view and manner of existence. Although it might well be urged that he is revealed here as having more grasp than Wells of the humours of life. To have woven into one of his serious novels a full length picture of James, or a brief vignette of him, possibly severely critical, would have been understandable, even if open to objection. To produce, and dispatch, a slipshod, badly written squib, put together in an almost amateurish way seems inexplicable after their years of friendship.

The letters are interspersed with extracts from books and articles by both writers with immediate bearing on the subjects discussed. The result is a most effective compilation, almost an intellectual thriller as it draws to its climax.

ANTHONY POWELL

NOVEL FACES



VI—ANGUS WILSON

Here's Angus who allows a certain latitude
 In what he terms an Anglo-Saxon Attitude.

BLOOD COUNT

I AM picking the following out of the fifteen gory novels in this batch. I managed the lot without serious boredom, but it never seems worth while to mention the fairly successful whodunit that you have only quite enjoyed.

The Night of the Good Children.
 Marjorie Carleton. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6.
 Best of the bunch. American kidnapping with convincing crooks and suburbanites and continuously rising excitement. Good incidental inventions. Background

detail interesting. Young and old approved, generation now in forties regarded coldly. If teenage baby-sitters typical, there's hope yet.

Daughter Fair. Peter Graaf. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6. Joe Dust, American-born London-operating private detective, insults employers conscientiously. After oafish first chapter comes sensible whodunit in country house with credible, though outré, characters. Good plot and some perceptive writing. Readable at the time and impressive in retrospect.

She Died, of Course. Thurman Warriner. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6. References to lovable characters in previous novels may depress newcomer. Putting up as best he may with the absence of the Archdeacon and Mr. Ambo, he can enjoy Scotter's snoopings in film star's Cornish home amid memories new of old crimes and jealously-brewed ones. Puzzle less interesting than narrative, but that's the right way round.

My Brother's Killer. Jeremy York. *John Long*, 11/6. Killer hired to influence market by jabbing insulin into financiers. Hypodermic virtuoso more convincing than victims. Gives the feel of the small criminal's egocentric vagueness. Reader firmly swung along.

The Seeing Eye. Josephine Bell. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6. Charm still there for old readers. Over-complicated murder among artists. As often happens, narrative force drops off as solution approaches.

Once, and Then the Funeral. Bernard J. Farmer. *Heinemann*, 13/6. Circus murder. Ex-policeman author. Plenty of shop. Very anxious to show best points of Force. Not all Eton and Oxford agnostic Inspectors: includes sidesmen.



"Well, what's it to be—A.I.D. on I.T.A. or OPS on B.B.C.?"

Written at times in evidential prose. Quite exciting. Great documentary interest. How the police see themselves?

If I Should Die. Peter Bannon. *Herbert Jenkins*, 10/6. Wrongly convicted American newspaper owner on release fights corrupt Police Chief, Italianate gangster, evil Editor. Moves fast but in usual direction.

The Purple Jacaranda. Nancy Graham. *Cassell*, 13/6. Girl caught up in counter-espionage. Reads better than plot deserves because of freshness of Australian setting.

The Ice Axe Murders. Glyn Carr. *Bles*, 12/6. Carefully plotted. Mountaineering stuff expert and exciting; outweighs old-fashioned characters and dialogue and puerile humour.

R. G. G. P.

A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill. Storm Jameson. *Macmillan*, 15/-

"Oxford is full of people suffering from delayed or ingrown adolescence, but only a few of them do any harm," the author states with some truth; yet her own imaginary college is almost exclusively stocked with pernicious if not actively corrosive characters: a self-indulgent, snobbish master; his witch-hunting, anti-semitic sister (literary critic and former mistress of "a famous man"); a bumptious young History don of working-class origin who proves to be an underground Communist; and a self-styled anarchist, described as a very bad teacher. Philosophy is represented by an unctuous propagandist fellow-traveller, while Science is allotted the most inhuman monster of all. The ambassadors of Virtue are the Senior Tutor, ineffectually disabused and suffering from the most tedious form of xenophilia, and his East European refugee-friend whose bombastic pronouncements might have been expected to reverse this partiality. The novel of ideas is an alien plant apt to wilt sadly in English literary soil.

J. M-R.

Schweitzer: Hero of Africa. Robert Payne. *Hale*, 16/-

The aetiology of sanctity—as of genius—remains no less mysterious than that of cancer. Albert Schweitzer is a case in point: in youth there was nothing specially remarkable about this son of a Lutheran pastor in Alsace, and his subsequent achievements seem less the result of innate talent than of some astonishing and demonic act of will. Mr. Payne wisely resists the temptation to analyse too closely the personality of his hero; he is content to re-tell the familiar story in considerable detail and with an enthusiasm which—despite occasional lapses into slipshod writing—he succeeds in transmitting to the reader. The popular conception of Schweitzer as a mild and dignified do-gooder—a sort of cross between Gandhi and Sidney Webb—is shown to be at fault: he is revealed, on the contrary, as intransigent,

strongly prejudiced and often quick-tempered; which, perhaps, is rather a relief. Of his greatness there can be no doubt; but Mr. Payne makes the telling point that Schweitzer is, essentially, a Victorian, and that his career as a medical missionary would have seemed less extraordinary—though not less valuable—in the days of Livingstone and Stanley than it does, perhaps, to-day. J. B.

Recollections of a Rogue. Samuel E. Chamberlain. *Museum Press*, 35/-

The silliest Westerns have nothing on the real-life excitements of these memoirs, written by way of confession soon after Chamberlain's return from the Mexican War—in which he engaged as a dragoon at seventeen—and recently discovered after nearly a century. Armed with an absolutely fool-proof physique, he survived drink, drought, bullets, Bowie knives and a legion of women to die a respectable patriarch in 1908. In spite of his wild adventures he remained curiously prim (he had been destined for the Baptist ministry) in his hatred of debauchery and indiscipline.

He possessed a certain descriptive skill, strongly tinged by the clichés of romantic melodrama, but the ordinary reader may grow weary of his lusty cycle of love and violence. Far more impressive are his own illustrations, of which fifty-six are included. The black-and-whites show a distinct dramatic talent, and the paintings, rich in primitive colour, might be the work of a very imaginative child.

E. O. D. K.

Trouble in West Two. Kevin FitzGerald. *Heinemann*, 13/6

According to Mr. FitzGerald, Bayswater (where "all men keep their secrets and women their own counsel") has superseded Soho as "the Mecca of the half-world." Here, among the bogus majors and peeling stucco, are drinking-clubs staffed with "Feather Girls" wearing pliable steel corsets, seven-inch heels, and spiked bracelets; men are shot dead while drinking champagne; gangsters fight with razor, cosh and bicycle-chain in saloon-bars; and one suave, corrupt publican is rumoured to have acted several times as public executioner for fun (even the milkman has five previous convictions). Against this violent and scabrous background, the author—a formidable and wittier rival to Ian Fleming, always at his best on British soil—tells an expertly exciting tale of treason and danger, featuring the debonair Commander Feston (an adept at arguing himself out of a tough spot: watch him when outnumbered at Miriam's Place), and his colleague in counter-espionage, Harrison, whose nonchalantly sardonic narrative has about it a nicely calculated touch of parody, making this a "must" for all addicts of the sophisticated thick-ear thriller.

J. M-R.

AT THE PLAY

Hunter's Moon (DRURY LANE)
Touch it Light (STRAND)
The Sport of My Mad Mother
 (ROYAL COURT)

IT is not often that so experienced a dramatist as Marc Connelly misjudges the feelings of an audience so completely as he does in *Hunter's Moon*. One expects to be tricked in a thriller, but not in a romantic play with the silly plot of an American musical. There are things in *Hunter's Moon* to enjoy, but enjoyment turns to irritation when the author either cannot make up his mind which medium he is working in, or is too lazy to inform us, or thinks it clever to keep us two jumps behind. Which of these failings has been Mr. Connelly's downfall is anyone's guess, but the result is the same.

He begins realistically, on the eve of the wedding of a rich young American, heir to a great landed property from which, two centuries earlier, a whole village had mysteriously evaporated. Forced down in his private plane, the young man comes on the village, which he recognizes from a model. To judge from its dancing it is not exactly puritan, but funny clothes, flint-locks and lots of "Thees" and "Thous" mark it as eighteenth century. Fantasy, we reasonably assume; but no, various clues persuade us that the village is real, rebuilt in a stockade where it has remained blissfully insulated from progress.

Warned off by the elders as a menace, the intruder has fallen in love and determines to stay, but first he must go home with his village wench to wind up his affairs, particularly with his fiancée. During their night at the big house the girl is abducted by her rustic beau, back to the village; and our hero following, he is picked up next morning unconscious in a forest ride. You will scarcely credit what Mr. Connelly has the nerve to tell us next. It has all been a dream.

Carefully signposted, *Hunter's Moon* might have made a passable musical. Its moral, that man's duty is to live in the present, seems entirely invalidated by the success with which most of its characters are living in the past. Combined with what appears to be stilted blank verse, the "Thee" business makes village conversation far from brisk. Timothy O'Brien's decorations are attractive, but opportunities for acting very limited. David Gardner as the dreamer, Sebastian Shaw as his subconscious rival, Lesley Nunnerley as the girl and Elizabeth London as the suffering fiancée make the best of a very difficult evening.

Plays about small isolated units in the war are comfortably predictable; when we hear at the beginning that the nice old widower dotes on an only son serving in the Middle East we can be pretty certain that the poor boy is doomed to



David Rudderman—DAVID GARDNER

[*Hunter's Moon*
 Cynthia—LESLEY NUNNERLEY

die. They win or lose by how much they avoid the cheaply facetious and how truly they ring to common experience. *Touch it Light* wins because Robert Sharron quickly convinces us that there is little he doesn't know about his seven types mewed up together on a remote searchlight station on the South Coast. He knows their talk and their habits and their small antipathies that under the pressure of boredom flare into sudden

Jones is the comic ex-lag invaluable to any mess, and Robert Desmond amusingly his moronic young brother who, married in January, is already in trouble in the village by July. Douglas Ives, Harry Locke, Arthur Lovegrove and John Briggs make up a band whose acting honours are pretty fairly shared. This play may not be everybody's cup of tea, but it does recapture with honesty a special kind of atmosphere, which Basil Dean has produced with complete understanding.

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Liverpool, *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, to March 21st.

Playhouse, Nottingham, *Three Sisters*, to March 15th.

Playhouse, Sheffield, *Quay South*, to March 15th.

Salisbury Arts Theatre, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, to March 8th.

rages; their rough codes of kindness and sub-villainy. It isn't a very witty play, and it has scarcely any plot, but its characters are faithfully drawn and their humour is dead right.

Touch it Light comes from Windsor Rep, and its casting has been first-rate. The commander of the unit is a decent, bone-headed corporal unmercifully ragged by his men and perfectly played by Victor Maddern. Its eccentric and paternal subaltern gives Jon Pertwee a very funny scene in which he chivvies out the address of a deserter so that the boy can be saved from the police. Peter

A play which requires two separate programme notes to explain it cannot be said to have made a flying start. As an experiment *The Sport of My Mad Mother* is very old hat, full of the expressionist tricks of the 'twenties, a jumble of crazy incidents minus plot or sequence. What Ann Jellicoe tries to say about the lamentable mentality of teddy boys and their molls could have been said much more clearly, without the necessity for George Devine's programme explanation that "the struggle between rational scientifically guided conduct and its counterpart, an impulsive liberal anarchy, is part of the melodrama of modern society," which seems a trifle grand for a vicious mob of young hooligans, even if surprisingly they do drift into poetry. And yet, pretentious as are both the play and its presentation, Miss Jellicoe succeeds in showing us, sometimes rather frighteningly, the other side to arrogance, the terror of the dark, of quiet, of inaction and of being alone; Anthony Valentine, Philip Locke and

Paul Bailey transmit pathos as well as repulsion. Her jiving, weeping, screaming morons inhabit a surrealist world; it is only a pity that she decided not to write a play about it.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A Touch of the Sun (Saville—12/2/58), a good new Hunter comedy. *Flowering Cherry* (Haymarket—27/11/57), death of a salesman. *Where's Charley?* (Palace—26/2/58), for Norman Wisdom.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

Andrea Chenier—*La Sonnambula*
(DRURY LANE)

AS Carlo Gérard, footman to the Countess de Coigny, Gian-Giacomo Guelfi entered the château ballroom on a June morning, 1789 (revolution was audibly boiling up outside), and, in a pleasantly abstracted way, passed a feather duster over gilded chairback and silver candlestick. Then, angling his head like a howitzer, he let fly at the gallery with melodic recitative against social injustice. The gallery cheered as if he had been going on about the Rents Act or Unilateral Renunciation.

This set the key. Poor Signor Annaloro hadn't a look-in. *Un di all' azzurro* was a weight which, literally, he could hardly get off his chest. At the interval it was announced that he was retiring through loss of voice. Instead of murmuring sympathetically, the gallery were openly jubilant about this. On came Giuseppe Savio as substitute tenor, looking like Beethoven's younger brother. Remembered as an ear-splitting and surefire Prince Calaf, Mr. Savio was clamorously welcomed and, although a bit subdued and out of psychological touch elsewhere, did even more handsomely by his double-forte, top-of-the-world phrases than Luciana Serafini, as the girl with whom he went to the guillotine.

Beyond a doubt, however, the night remained Mr. Guelfi's. He folded the night up, indeed, and put it in his fob pocket. Vast of voice, whelming of presence and personality, he took his stand for the most part in the footlights and obliterated everything within a quarter-mile radius. I even stopped watching the man in the wings who, from my stall, clash-bang opposite the percussion, could plainly be seen conducting the backstage music. It was all I could do to keep my sub-conscious pinned to Giordano's score (1896) which, conditioned by French models, especially Massenet and Gounod, is never a bore and so positively good that it should never have had to wait thirty years for revival.

The sleep-walking part in Bellini's opera was sung with such lustre, liteness and power by Renata Scotto—who, at

twenty-three, is obviously well-placed in the futures market—that I longed acutely for more disciplined and stylish production methods than Mr. Gorlinsky is giving us.

Once as dead as a pressed snowdrop, Bellini's melodic line has miraculously come alive again. Its vogue should be matched by period-sense, grace and a touch of wit in the scenery and the singers' clothes and movements. If Switzerland was as gaudy, ill-kempt and erratic as Mr. Gorlinsky would have us believe the place wouldn't be worth a cuckoo-clock touristically.

Excellent baritone and agreeable tenor singing by Lorenzo Gaetani and Puigi Luigi Pontiggia.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

Carve Her Name With Pride
Happy is the Bride

DOES one still have to explain that an unfavourable criticism of a film about a real-life war-time hero or heroine is not a slur on the hero or heroine concerned? I should like to be sure that one didn't, but I keep coming across people who seem to think it is . . . and I have more than a suspicion that some film-makers presume on their belief that the movie audience is almost entirely composed of people who think so, people who think a great subject automatically means a great film. How cruel it is to take this as the explanation of a film like *Carve Her Name With Pride* (Director: Lewis Gilbert) depends on your point of view. Which is it more cruel to suppose: that it was made like this because they really couldn't do it any better—or

because they were cynically confident that nobody would have the sense or the effrontery to object that it wasn't any better?

Well, anyway I will stick my neck out and write what I believe to be true: that this is flatly and unimaginatively made, with no depth of character and little attempt to provide interesting and convincing detail of scene. That here is a fine subject, which ought to have been done well, makes the fact all the more saddening; it is certainly not a reason for pretending that it *has* been done well. This is the true story of Violette Szabo, the London girl who was parachuted into occupied France to help the Resistance groups, and did heroic things before she was caught by the Germans and executed. The film of it might have been great.

The main trouble is that the whole thing is so superficial. It is assumed that we will be satisfied if the principal players are, as it were, in the foreground saying and doing the appropriate things, while the background (by which I mean not only the scene but the mood, the whole atmosphere, including the feeling that there are other people about and not merely type-figures sketched in) is suggested just enough to make it understandable. The hollow, studio-sounding dialogue of some of the scenes supposed to be in the open is symbolic of the whole story: one feels that it is set up for the occasion, there is no more feeling of reality than would be given by backcloths labelled "London, 1940" or "Rouen" or wherever. (Reading a play, one can imagine convincing backgrounds and atmospheres; seeing a film, one is prevented from imagining more than one can see and hear.)



[*Carve Her Name With Pride*

Violette Szabo—VIRGINIA MCKENNA

It may be that most people will be unworried by all this, and that for them the plain dramatization of the facts in the heroine's life—how she was picked for the job, how she was trained, what she had to do, what she suffered—will be moving and impressive. But I believe anybody of imagination would be more moved and impressed by merely reading the facts, instead of seeing them stated in film clichés.

Judging by the energetic rapture of some of the audience when I saw *Happy is the Bride* (Director: Roy Boulting) you might suppose that the way to cure the cinema slump would be to reissue all the old photographed versions of British stage comedies—or at least to remake them, for this is a new version of *Quiet Wedding* (1941). But is what may be called the matinée audience really as big as that?

Here is a compound of all the things that used to appeal to the matinée audience. Basic points: "nice" upper-middle-class people, country house scene, trowel-loads of charm, and late-middle-age point of view. By this last I mean that everything is treated from the angle of the elders: comic (but charmingly comic) mother copes with domestic troubles and manages everybody, comic (but charmingly comic) father is put upon and harried by everybody, the young people are regarded as children who have to be shown what's good for them, the modern workman is disrespectful and easily offended (laughter), the modern girl is upsettingly frank and uses extraordinary expressions (laughter) . . . and so on. (The attitude—let's face it—of *Punch* in the nineteen-twenties.) The story depends on misunderstandings which aren't cleared up at once for the sole reason that there'd be no story if they were, and there is even a Robb-Wilton-style court scene labouring the deafness joke, on which they waste, of all people, Miles Malleon. I can't believe there's enough of the old matinée audience left.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Best in London are *The Unvanquished* (19/2/58) and *The Picasso Mystery* (29/1/58). You may still be able to find that very good documentary *Victory at Sea* (26/2/58). *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57) is still going strong and there is a new Cinerama show, *Seven Wonders of the World*, which does its trick as effectively as ever.

Among the releases is *Happy is the Bride* (see above). Another is *Pal Joey* (22/1/58), three-quarters of a good musical, with a timid ending. *Legend of the Lost* angered me by its derisively blatant commercialism—which in London, as planned, packed in people who didn't notice this for nearly five weeks.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Network Three

THERE seems to be little point in hoping that Network Three will ever settle down, in the sense of becoming a homogeneous evening's entertainment; it is such a hotch-potch. But it ought to be possible for the standard of performance to become more uniform, by the simple process of making the worse programmes learn from the better ones. There should surely be less discussion—a very difficult radio technique, and one extremely wasteful of time when the material concerns facts and not opinions. And where information is conveyed it ought to be less elementary; no polymath I, but in a month's steady listening to the network I doubt if I've heard more than a couple of talks that were beyond me. As most of the audience must be assumed to be already interested this seems a mistake.

The network falls roughly into three sections: hobbies, fodder for fans, and general interests. The hobbies section is the weakest; not enough advantage is taken of the hobbyists' enthusiasm, which could kindle the duller subjects, and too much time is wasted trying to trick out their dullness by other means. I heard a do-it-yourself discussion between J. H. Ousbey and B. H. Deane which seemed like a parody of the question-and-answer technique; twice the information could have been put into a straight talk. Similarly, in "In Your Garden," Fred Streeter was so delighted with his own accent and his pretended inability to pronounce the Latin names of flowers that in a talk on clematis he only had time to mention the three commonest varieties and give inadequate instructions about pruning them.

Some subjects have natural advantages; it would be hard to go wrong with bee-keeping, for instance, and the bee-keepers made the most of it. The small-boat-sailmen, though not as skilful, were splendidly enthusiastic, bandying about words like "Britishers"; but the highlight of their particular programme was a semi-technical talk on 10 sq. metre canoes, in which Graham Goodson fully demonstrated the virtues of a limited subject, limitless enthusiasm, and a refusal to talk down.

The lost hours of the Third programme live on in the section for fans. The dons seem to have inherited jazz; Kingsley Amis allows his archetypal donnishness to come out strong in his series of lectures; because he is immersed in a non-don subject he doesn't feel the need to apologize for his intellectualism in his usual embarrassing way, but refers to the last record of a programme as "an appropriate valediction." Films, by contrast, have gone to Bloomsbury. Incidental *musique concrète* gets a good hearing. I heard Paul Rotha apologizing not for the height of his brow but for his awareness that other levels existed



("... the 64,000 dollar question, or whatever the phrase is..." "Around the World in Eighty Days or however many days it was.") This was a pity, as his remarks about the problems of honesty confronting a highbrow producing films for a lowbrow market were interesting. (It is only fair to say that Home and Light do the popular aspects of jazz and films proud.)

The general interests section is a better place for discussions; "Family Forum," for instance, uses the technique efficiently. "Christian Outlook" is less satisfactory, as extreme charity about everyone else's opinion does not make for good debates; I would have thought a little more technical theology would add substance to what often seems wishy-washy. It is a good idea to have a round-up of the sort of church news that laymen often miss, but even this is apt to end with a paragraph containing several "surelys" and a strong tang of the pulpit. There's a lot of science on the network; when it deals with out-of-the-way things like geodesy or oceanography it is usually good, but the current "Know Your Atom" series is resolutely educational at intelligent schoolboy level. One would have thought that anyone interested enough to listen would already know three-quarters of what was being said.

Finally there is the sort of subject that doesn't categorize and is apt to be uneasier than anything else; I heard some time ago a series of archaeological programmes on the influence of the Saxons on modern England. They were all that Network Three ought not to be: dons talking a mile down, discussing where there was nothing to discuss, skirting round disagreements, and apparently desperately concerned that any child of eight who happened to be listening should understand every word uttered.

PETER DICKINSON

FOR
WOMEN



PGEM

IS this fair? Those who actually read all those serious papers they buy already know the problems of the Graduate-Housewife, the Scholarship-Boy, the Spinster, and other modern social types in distress. But has anyone ever given a thought, a line, to the harrowing problems of the Post-Graduate-Expectant-Mother?

Immediately the PGEM accepts that another little mind is coming into the world, the excruciating problems of translating Plato's *Republic* into baby language are upon her. And she ought to be writing her thesis. Any girl who has faced this alone knows the difficulty of explaining to an imaginary baby that Mummie's hero, Socrates, was not really an old humbug. O the new eyes of innocence, and the questions this imaginary child formulates in its imaginary little mind!

And how guard a child's tender sensibilities from insignificant form? She rushes out of the British Museum straight off to Heal's. Then, between feverish bouts of foot-noting, the PGEM decorates her gift cot. Every sign of Bambi, Noddy, Sooty, doggy, kitty, baa-lamb and fairy, every little flower—erased. She ropes off a bit of a nursery in clinical white and thinks about the effect of good colours.



Unfortunately the PGEM's husband gets like husbands get at this point: boyish. This is especially hell for the PGEM if he insists on chin-chucking when she is re-filing her card-index. Also, her thesis supervisor, that very god, turns out to be distressingly human, interested in babies, and even makes little jokes about reading lists. Everyone, it appears, has gone mad. "Is my world folding up round me like a pack of cards?" she cries miserably, and, very probably, in Latin.

At last the PGEM has come to the Required Reading. *Childbirth Without Terror* terrifies her very seriously indeed. The fear of death. Death, sorrows, pains, sufferings and danger: this book is absolutely against them all. But as none of these possibilities has ever entered this fertile PG mind hitherto, they now, given the opportunity, lodge there with all the curious pertinacity of little cress seeds in a saucer of wet flannel.

Finally she decides to go to Mothercraft Classes and Exercises. Here she finds young women, remarkably like herself in stature, less keen on literary self-expression, perhaps, entirely at home with the requirements of little children several months before parturition to a couple of years beyond. Some of them are also sensational breathers. They can breathe in long-drawn-out, lung-bursting hurffs, at

will and without going blue in their faces. But they can also sit cross-legged with their knees on the floor without breaking their backs; all this being, inscrutably, necessary for having babies. The long-suffering PGEM feels, for the first time since she arrived ten years before at the Academy gates (breathless also on that occasion), a slight sense of inferiority in competition. Everybody here either has or has not heard of Plato, Guicciardini, significant form, and Heal's, but in either case without getting noticeably excited.

Going home, holding her breath and relaxing until she can hardly walk, she buys a lot of books about babies—how they get born, what they eat, how much love to give them—and starts serious work to come top of the class. Picture her there, jogging back on the bus, deep into food values and what to do when he won't eat (PGEMs always expect sons). Almost imperceptibly other questions arise: how much Heal's significant curtaining at 11/9 will make an economical clothes-horse-screen? And, a little later, what will he make of Melanchthon's theology? And, leading out of this, what parts of mother's published works should he be made acquainted with first? (O the censorship problem!) And finally, how shall she ever explain to Junior that his Disagreeable Old Dad was (or still is—imagine!) really, how delicious, an Angry Young Man?

JACQUELINE WHELDON

☆

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☆

Career Girl: 2 — The Army

BESIDES the untold riches bestowed on him by Mr. Sandys, Every soldier can hope one day to have a Field-Marshal's baton in his hands. For girl-soldiers the prospects are pretty well the same, And in addition there is a jolly good chance of their being made a Dame.

More Zip to Your Zip

IMPERIAL Chemical Industries last week held a large reception at the Savoy Hotel to introduce a very small product: the Nyzip. This is a slim chic

zip, weighing (as was demonstrated) but a swansdown puff. It can be used for the filmiest lingerie, yet its continuous nylon filaments will take the strain of heavy tweeds. Moreover, since it has no individual teeth, it is "*not subject to the same hazards as conventional zips.*"

Ah, those hazards! . . . the insoluble impasse when the zip becomes locked with the underclothes beneath; the capricious mischief of the zip which refuses to fasten or to unfasten, as the case may be; the treacherous betrayal of the zip you do up with confidence, only to find, hours later, that the teeth never made contact and you are, in fact, utterly undone.

Yet life without zips is now unthinkable. How could the modern lady, maidless and often husbandless—or temporarily without a husband—wear the dresses we have worn since Dior brought in the closely moulded princess line, only recently relaxed? We have no time for hooks and eyes, nor could we do them up down the back for ourselves. Again, it is the zip which makes the modern corset a buskless, boneless wonder, and which enables the modern swim-suit to be such a slim suit. The influence of the zip in the history of fashion has yet to be assessed.

The history of the zip itself starts in 1883 when a Mr. Judson did some early experimenting in America. In 1902 his rather visionary ideas were turned into a practical product by Gideon Sundbach, a Swedish American; but it was not until 1915-16 that it was manufactured, 1917 patented. Immediately the first world war was over, the zip came to England, and in 1925 was acquired by Lightning Fasteners Ltd. (now an Imperial Chemical Industries subsidiary), makers of the new Nyzip.

Thus the English zip is forty years old; but not so old in fashion. Women simply would not trust themselves to zips until Schiaparelli featured coloured plastic zips all through her Autumn Collection of 1935. Then everyone clamoured for them. Once they had got them they took them for granted, hazards and all. But the taken-for-granted things in life are very important; and now, at the moment when a great industrial concern has removed the hazards and given us a swifter, sweeter-running zip, let us pay tribute to those early pioneers, to Mr. Judson and Gideon Sundbach.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

I'm Authentick

A WEEK ago I collected Regency furniture. I would rush to Pembroke for a Pembroke table, to Canterbury for a supper Canterbury. The sight of sabre leg on a rope-back chair would get me off the top of a bus, in the rain, in the London rush hour, half-way home. I used to dream of living in the Brighton Pavilion. Those days are over, thanks to Cohasset Colonials as advertised in the *New Yorker*. Now I assemble Authentick Museum Reproductions.

All you need is a Sunday afternoon, \$13.95 (and \$1.45 for Antique Stain Finishing Kit). Then you simply assemble the pre-cut parts according to the simple assembly instructions. On second thoughts, I don't believe you'd need an afternoon: with furniture finishing tips you could do it in less than an hour. No tools or skills; you just stick together a Windsor chair with its pert, clean-cut lines: an exacting reproduction, built to last for generations. Then you send for the Matching Arm Chair and Side Chair Kits, and when you're sure of yourself you can fix the Drop Leaf Dining Table.

I've been at it a week now, and I'm getting ambitious. I've written to Cohasset, Mass., for the color catalog. I'm going to make an Authentick Hepplewhite dining-room suite (ten pieces); there'll be an Authentick Sheraton drawing-room, and I think I'd like the kitchen Authentick Chippendale. They can send me some of the cobbles that Shelley trod on, to lead up to my Authentick Adam front door, and I'll sit inside, in a labelled muslin mob-cap, drinking certificated port-type wine. No, you won't catch me buying any old stuff now. I'm a Cohasset Colonial.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

Olympia Unvisited

(Wordsworth at the fiftieth Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition.)

OUR bus could hardly move along
Olympia's door to pass,
And gazing at its eager throng
My love she sighed "Alas!
How many a day has fled away
Since we that Hall did roam
And saw each thing contributing
To the Ideal Home!"

"'Tis aye a noble Show," I mused;
"The Stands all gay and neat,
The House where Only Gas is Used,
The aisles of shuffling feet,
The baby-park, the Offenbach,
The films on Vitamins,
The rosy bowers of actual flowers,
The sample cocoa-tins—"

And yet, my love, it seems to me
Lies at this marvel's core
What anyone can look at, free,
In any decent Store
With Carpet and Electric bits
And Sheets and Curtain Stuff
And Beds and Garden Requisites—"

My love cried out "Enough!"

"Enough it is"—I gave a smile,
The bus now drawing clear,
"That we have sat this little while
This Exhibition near;
To others' eyes the wonder-glow,
To others' feet the pain;
Enough that in our hearts we know
The damn thing's on again."

ANGELA MILNE

Picasso Line?

"There is frequent use of shoulder straps instead of sleeves, giving a really undressed look by day. Busts, which ceased to matter last season, seem to have disappeared altogether, except for evening when they pop rather startlingly above the neckline."

Evening Standard



"Maybe I'm wrong, but I had the impression they were anxious to get rid of us."

Toby Competitions

No. 6—Tried and True

CERTAIN situations tend gradually to become established as apparently inexhaustible subjects for joke drawings. Desert islands, beds of nails, magic carpets and frustrated golfers come readily to mind. Two comparatively recent additions to the list are the psychiatrist's couch and underwater swimming.

You are invited to suggest or invent a situation, either contemporary or likely to develop in the very near future, which you feel may eventually be added to the list. Not more than a hundred words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks. Entries (any number, but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, March 14, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 6, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 3

THE task was to invent an Advanced Road Sign giving guidance, warning or information on a contemporary traffic situation not covered by existing signs, and road users seem to have welcomed the opportunity to parade their grievances, hates, prejudices, cynicism or downright despair. One notable feature was the scornful attitude adopted by many Ordinary Motorists towards the Advanced Motorist. The poor pedestrian came in for a good deal of abuse, and even that old stand-by the common Road Hog was not forgotten. Traffic congestion was the problem most frequently touched on. Unfortunately many of the Road Signs suggested, while in most cases ingenious enough, left a little to be desired in the matter of humour and style. The prize was awarded to:

L. J. HUGHES,
23 CHERRY GARDEN LANE,
FOLKESTONE, KENT
for the following entry:



"I'll be up there with my slipper if I'm dummy!"

TOBY
6

336

A cameo style woman's portrait ($\frac{3}{4}$ face) showing her pronounced beauty patch, is encircled by a bold line. This is surrounded by a corona of converging cars whose bonnets meet, and touch the circumference of the circle. The whole is set in a rectangular shape, in the two top corners of which are a picnic fire and a litter pile. Over all is the word WARNING, and underneath is the legend

RECOGNIZED
BEAUTY SPOT
10 MILES

Colour Scheme:

Face—white on red	Spot—black
Cars—grey	Fire—flame
Litter—steel and rust	The whole on a green field.

One appealing suggestion, from D. Sweetman, "Kirkstone," Leybourne Dene, Newcastle-on-Tyne 12, was as follows:

The normal black-and-white pole with a rectangle, surmounted by a triangle. Inside the rectangle there are alternate black-and-white stripes, and beneath the words:

BEWARE, ROAD SIGNS AHEAD

while D. M. Nathan, 7 Cromford Way, New Malden, Surrey, had two heraldic near-misses, with

A bar sinister—Beware, pub on the left and

A post erect sable fessed argent supporting a triangle gules and faced by a rectangular plate proper argent. Upon the plate the twelfth capital sans-serif gules, surmounting a figure sable indicating the distance over which the hazard extends.

The Advanced Motorist will infer from this that a Driving School operates along the succeeding stretch of road and will take necessary avoiding action.

D. Hayes, 27 Kingsfield Oval, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent, indulged in a pleasing fancy beginning with the warning:

You are now entering a HEDGEHOG CONTROL AREA and including the information that

When a Hedgehog is about to cross the road he (or she) will break a photo-electric circuit which will change the cats-eyes to red for the space of ten seconds (the maximum hedgehog crossing time).

The Advanced sign envisaged by J. E. Meggitt, "Lynwood," Greenacres Road, Oldham, shows "a dangling bunch of keys crossed out by an angry stroke";

It means that the motorist is entering a place where he is forbidden to jam radar.

Toby bookmarks will be sent to all competitors quoted above, and to the following: D. B. Baker, 67 Cheam Road, Excell, Surrey; Dr. John M. Crombie, 114 Queen's Drive, Queen's Park, Glasgow, S.2; D. W. Gough, Cavalry Club, 127 Piccadilly, London, W.1; Miss H. G. Lloyd, Homeleigh, Park Place, Newbridge, Mon.; C. L. Lyall, 5 Weston Road, Petersfield, Hampshire; Dr. R. M. MacPhail, Saxilby, Lincoln; M. H. Nelson, 2 Courtfield Road, London, S.W.7; David S. Whitaker, 10 Perryfield Road, Crawley, Sussex.

Under New Management

By T. S. WATT

The Ticklies, supernatural powers of outer space, force Mintaway, general manager of the North Western Banking Company, to open branches of the bank in various parts of the country for the purpose of collecting dormant emanations from brilliant minds of the past, with which they plan to create a super brain and dominate the world. The plot is suspected by Pindate, ledger clerk at one of the new branches and former associate of Mintaway, and he confides in Ramsay, a colleague, expressing his conviction that he has fathomed the whole scheme except for the commencing date and the nature of the collecting medium. On the following day an adding machine is delivered at the branch.

IV—The Adding Machine

"IT's an unusual model," said Pindate, his weird eyes glittering with excitement.

"That is neither here nor there, Pindate," said Mr. Archer impatiently. "The important point is that the G.M. obviously anticipates some sort of local boom, with a consequent rush of business to the branch, and that at no very distant date, to judge by the urgent tone of his letter. 'Pindate and Ramsay,' he writes, 'will familiarize themselves with the working of the machine forthwith, practising daily until the necessary speed has been attained. This critical point will be indicated by the machine itself by means of an intermittent buzzing, when the switch "A" should be turned to the "off" position, and control "B" rotated clockwise until a sharp "ping" is heard. It will then be found that the lower section of the machine can be withdrawn bodily from its case. This section must be carefully packed and dispatched to head office without a moment's delay, for a routine check by Inspection Department. The burden on the staff of these extra duties is fully realized, and it is proposed to discontinue forthwith the study of the Bills of Exchange Act referred to in a previous letter. The Wordsworth readings, on the contrary, are to be pressed forward with the utmost vigour. The greatest importance is attached by Head Office to the meticulous discharge of the foregoing instructions, and the General Manager requires the strictest attention to detail from all members of the staff who do not wish to exchange their position in the bank's service for one in the local infirmary."

"It is not often," said Mr. Archer, methodically clipping the letter into a file labelled "H.O.," "that the G.M.

expresses himself so forcibly, and it is clearly vital that the machine operators should be able to cope with boom inputs at the earliest possible moment. Nevertheless, we must not neglect Operation Cragmaster, or forget the treacherous scree and sheer precipices that separate the branch from Scardale village: I do not wish to see a lightning machinist with nothing to do, or a hundred deposits halted below the Devil's Smoke Room for the lack of

a few handholds in the rock face. . . Chipman!"

An elderly man in a dark, pin-stripe suit stiffened as though coming to attention. His thinning grey hair was smartly brushed, and his right cheek bore a neat square of sticking-plaster. In the breast pocket of his jacket a fountain pen was clipped, with two freshly-pointed pencils, one black and one red, beside it. "Sir!" he said.

"I am very sorry to ask it of you, Chipman," said Mr. Archer, "so soon after your fall into the cataract, but it will be necessary for you to take over Cragmaster (checking and initialling) once more, to free Ramsay for the machine. You will please hand over your strong-room and cash keys to Pindate, obtaining his signature on form G2X35. You, Ramsay, will transfer your coil of rope to Mr. Chipman, with its maintenance book, initialled up to date, at the same time taking over my strong-room and



"I suppose it couldn't be the top of a Pyramid?"

night-safe keys. Pindate will check Mr. Chipman's cash immediately, and sign for the adding-machine log-book, which will be initialled daily by the operators and countersigned by me. I myself will assume responsibility for Cragmaster (listing), taking over Pindate's coil of rope with its maintenance book. Everyone will sign the G.M.'s letter under the words 'read and understood.' I shall set off immediately, Chipman, and cut and list handholds in the rock face below the Devil's Smoke Room. Please join me with your checking pencil as soon as you have completed the transfer of your cash to Pindate."

* * * * *

"Now, Ramsay," said Pindate, "they've gone, and we can speak freely. Remember what Mintaway said—'evil power, incredible stupidity and a slight whiff of vanilla.' Do you want to see the bank in the grip of the Ticklies, or don't you?"

"I don't, of course," replied Ramsay. "Then the first thing we must do is to close our minds resolutely to all thoughts of Wordsworth and his poetry. In this way we may be able to balk the Ticklies of their super brain, at any rate as far as the Wordsworth lobe is concerned. We can work the machine—indeed we shall have to, as the cretin Archer insists that we obtain his initials to twenty feet of additions daily—but more than—What was that?"

"I heard nothing," said Ramsay.

"It seemed to me that the machine emitted a faint hiss."

"Well," said Ramsay uncomfortably, "I was just going to remark, Pindate, that it is by no means easy to lock up one's mind in the way you suggest, and as a matter of fact the words were hardly out of your mouth before I was saying to myself 'Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands—'"

"There it is again!" exclaimed Pindate.

"Good heavens, Pindate!" groaned Ramsay, "I'm really very sorry."

"You must fight it, Ramsay!" said Pindate energetically. "Think of some other poet. 'O the moon shines bright on Mrs. Porter, and on her daughter, they wash their feet in soda water.'"

"It's a pretty fancy," said Ramsay, "but does it come up to 'Jones! as from Calais southward you and I went pacing side by—'"

"Stop it!" shouted Pindate. "Now, Ramsay," he went on more quietly, "don't think at all. Just listen. I'm going to run through 'The Waste Land.'"

"All right, Pindate," said Ramsay submissively.

"April is the cruellest month—" began Pindate . . .

* * * * *

Mr. Chipman returned soon after twelve, much exhausted and covered with snow. "I'll eat my sandwiches in the manager's room," he said gloomily,

hanging up his coil of rope on its peg, "and try to catch up with my Wordsworth at the same time."

Pindate sprang to his feet. "You mustn't think of it, Mr. Chipman!" he exclaimed. "Just you rest quietly and I'll bring a cup of tea and *The Times*."

"Really, Pindate," said Mr. Chipman coldly, "this sudden concern for my welfare is very gratifying, I'm sure, but I think that I should be the best judge of my duty to the bank after forty years in its service. I very much doubt whether your own Wordsworth studies are so far advanced that you can afford to waste time in giving unwanted advice to your seniors and in gossiping with Ramsay about this Mr. Eugenides, as you were doing when I came in." He closed the door of the manager's room behind him, and in a moment his high, precise voice began: "I take my little porringer—" The machine hissed faintly.

"There's only one thing to do," said Pindate hoarsely. He felt in his waistcoat pocket, took out a penknife, and opened the large blade.

"No, Pindate!" whispered Ramsay, white to the lips.

"Not quite what you think, Ramsay," said Pindate.

Knife in hand, he turned resolutely towards Mr. Chipman's coil of rope.

Next week: **Short-handed**



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